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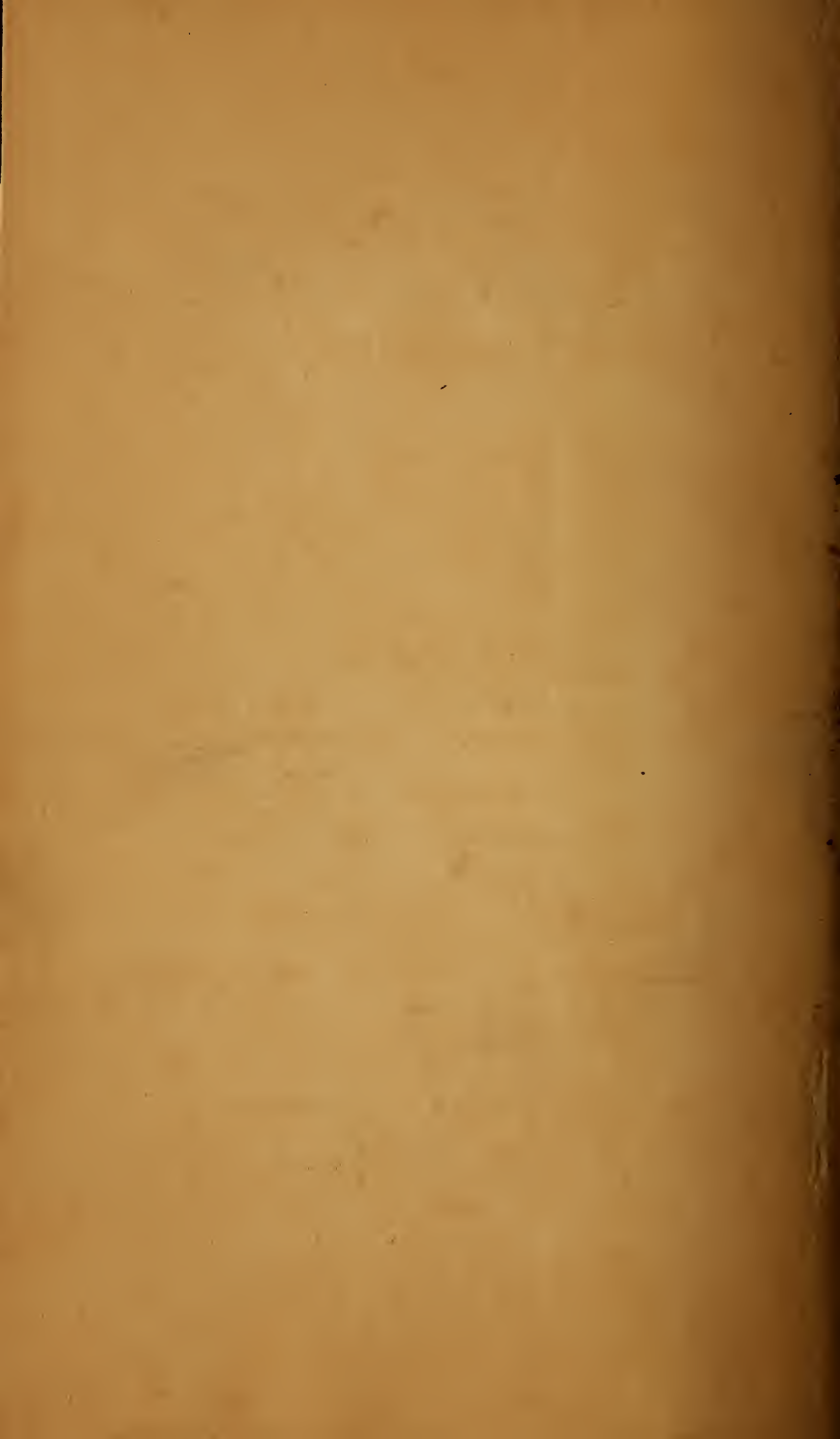






Hurt.

Miss Elizabeth Hunt.  
London. September 14<sup>th</sup> = 1842.



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THE  
LATIN AND ITALIAN  
Poems,

OF  
*MILTON.*

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Translated  
INTO ENGLISH VERSE,  
BY  
JACOB GEORGE STRUTT.

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## PREFACE.



THE following translation of MILTON'S LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS was begun, and proceeded in to a considerable length, before it was known to the author, that either Mr. Cowper or Dr. Symmons intended to favour the public with versions of them; or, probably, the present would never have been attempted, or brought to a conclusion.

The importance and beauty of these long-neglected poems are too well known and admitted, to require any comment, or demand any praise; and

however they may suffer in their present English garb, it is conceived they will not appear to be so wholly disguised as to become strangers to those who are acquainted with them in their original dress, or excite an idea of Milton's genius, incongruous with that which has so long been impressed upon the public mind.

That errors and faults will be discerned by the searching eye of the scholar, as well as by those whose acquaintance is merely with English verse, is what may be expected. To the candid, and to those who are not strangers to the difficulties of translating such Latin verse as Milton's, abounding with high poetic imagery and classic allusion, it will hardly be requisite to use any form of deprecation; but to such as will exact the full measure of their expectations, exalted to the high pitch of abstract excellence, that answer must be given which is so ready at hand, and at all times has so well served



inferior genius: — the want of sufficient abilities, leisure, or learned assistance.

Unknown to any of the favoured sons of Fortune or Apollo, yet not altogether unaided by the Muse, whose nightly visitations he acknowledges, the author entered upon his task, arduous and presumptuous as it may be deemed, with alacrity and hope; and through various fortune, and interrupting employments, pursued it with that resolution and fixedness of mind, which lead to a well-founded expectation of receiving, if they insure not, the meed of praise and approbation.

The translations of Mr. Cowper and Dr. Symmons, high as they stand in the public estimation, are yet but partial, several important poems being omitted by both; while the present version, by comprising the whole, encourages the author in the hope that his deficiencies, will, on that account, in some degree be overlooked.

The reasons given by Mr. Cowper, for his omitting to translate the poem on the 5th of November, did not appear so satisfactory to the author as to induce him also to omit it. The history of that day is so fixed in the public mind by the yearly exhibitions it affords, and is become so like an ancient fable, that it appears almost ridiculous, to imagine any particulars respecting it can be deemed as conveying severe or harsh reflections upon any body of men, or more than what the public has been accustomed to bestow ; but were it otherwise, in the fictions of poetry, and at this distance of time, surely it may be allowable to exhibit a combination of those characters which the poet has brought into action, as convenient agents to effect his purpose, without giving offence either to the tender-minded Catholic or the scrupulous politician.

Upon revising and comparing this translation with those of Mr. Cowper and Dr. Symmons, it was found necessary to alter many passages, to avoid the charge

of plagiarism. That these passages are altered for the better can hardly be expected ; some few, rather than mutilate his work, the author has suffered to remain, while in two or three instances he has adopted expressions which he could neither vary nor improve.

In the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the translator has not thought himself at liberty to vary from the original, in the choral lamentation, which so often occurs ; conceiving it a beauty too well founded in nature and antiquity, to warrant a deviation into those diffused and florid sentiments adopted by Mr. Cowper and Dr. Symmons. The unity of that sad complaint constitutes its excellence ; for, while the mind is at intervals impressed with the same idea, from the same form of words strongly recurring, that depressive melancholy is induced which the poet intended, and which a varied expression, exciting new ideas, cannot but serve to dispel.

Having prefaced thus much, the translator, following the steps of his great author in timid apprehension, though not in strength of mind, dismisses this his first essay with the apostrophe of—

Eheu! quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum  
Perditus.\*

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\* Virgil, 2d Eclogue, and prefixed by Milton to his first publication of *Comus*, 1634; thus explained by Warton:—"I have, by giving way to this publication, let in the breath of public censure on these early blossoms of my poetry, which were before secure in the hands of my friends, as in a private enclosure."

A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

# Latin Poems of Milton.

## ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DIODATE.

AT length thy letters, Diodate, appear,  
Thy thoughts to me imparting from the shore  
Of castled Dee, where fall his waters clear  
In the rough bosom of the ocean hoar.

Believe me, I rejoice that foreign plains  
Foster for me so true and dear a friend;  
And, though in distant fields he now remains,  
That soon his course again must homeward bend.

B



Thy Milton dwells content within those walls,  
 Pellucid Thames with reflux current laves;  
 Nor cares awhile to leave those studious halls,  
 (Forbidden now) by Cam's rush-fringed waves;

Whose barren plains and hills devoid of shade,  
 But ill agree with sweet Apollo's lyre :  
 Nor more I'll hear the master stern upbraid,  
 And threaten wrath, unbrook'd by youthful fire.

If it be banishment to view again  
 My native fields, and sweet repose enjoy,  
 I hail my lot, nor sad, of fate complain;  
 With exile pleas'd, no cares my peace destroy.

O had that bard ne'er prov'd a sadder fate,  
 Whose weeping muse, of faithless Rome complains:  
 His verse e'en Homer's fire would emulate,  
 Nor Virgil's song have equall'd Ovid's strains,



For studious here, I turn the learned page,  
 With leisure blest, and pleasing liberty;  
 And the sweet Muses oft my mind engage,  
 Who, sought with ardor, ne'er their gifts deny.

And wearied, thence the lofty stage invites,  
 Where the gay comic muse, mid plaudits loud,  
 Displays the heir enwapt in loose delights,  
 The cautious sire, lover, or soldier proud.

The lawyer with a suit ten years begun,  
 From the rude bench, thunders his barb'rous speech;  
 The crafty slave assists th' enamour'd son,  
 With many a wile his rigid sire t' o'erreach.

And often there, some virgin pure is seen,  
 Wond'ring what pain her alter'd bosom proves;  
 She knows not that Love's torch her breast serene  
 Has inly fir'd; and yet unknowing, loves.

With frantic mien and loose dishevell'd hair;  
 Wild Tragedy the blood-stain'd sceptre rears;  
 I feel her woes, her heart-felt transports share:  
 A pleasing sorrow oft is found in tears.

Sever'd from love, his joys untasted fled,  
 A hapless youth by all lamented falls;  
 Or from dark Stygian lake the avenger dread,  
 In anger comes, and conscious guilt appals.

There royal Pelops' mourns his fated line,  
 Or ancient Thebes deplores her dreadful fate,  
 And sad incestuous deeds; or Troy divine  
 Again in ashes lies through Grecian hate.

But when the blooming sweets of spring appear,  
 And crouded walls and town no more invite,  
 In groves of elm I hail the vernal year,  
 Whose balmy breath incites to fresh delight.

And oft, when skies in summer robes array'd,  
 And gentlest gales with mildest influence reign,  
 Beneath our walls in some sequester'd shade,  
 Are seen t' assemble, many a virgin train.

Divinest forms oft bless my ravish'd sight,  
 Such as might Age's dulled sense repair,  
 Eyes beaming more than gems or starry night,  
 And breasts than Pelop's ivory far more fair.

High polish'd fronts, long tresses all unbound,  
 (A golden net which Love insidious weaves)  
 And blooming cheeks, that mock the colors found  
 In Hyacinth, or bright Adonis' leaves.

O yield ye nymphs, who held in amorous chains  
 Inconstant Jove, by former poets sung;  
 And yield ye maids of Persia's verdant plains,  
 Or Susa's walls, or Memnon's tow'rs among.

And lowly bow ye choicest fair that dwell,  
 In ancient Argive land, or Troy; nor more  
 O Roman bard of Pompey's porches tell,  
 Or theatre wide, thronged with beauty's store.

No more your charms display O foreign dames,  
 Nor longer hope the wish'd-for wreath to wear!  
 Such highest honour Britain only claims,  
 For her unrivall'd maids, supremely fair!

O high renowned seat, structur'd of old  
 By Dardan prince, with lofty-towered head,  
 London! too blest, thy favor'd walls enfold  
 Whatever rich th' all-fruitful earth hath bred.

The crouded train of young Endymion's queen,  
 That nightly mid the vaulted ether shine,  
 Less num'rous are than thy bright virgins seen,  
 Thronging each various walk with charms divine.

For Venus' self has left the flowery vales,  
 By smooth Simois' stream, and Cnidus old,  
 And roseate Cyprus swept by vernal gales,  
 In this blest isle her pleasing reign to hold.

But I these joys will quit in timely hour,  
 Ere guileful Love with poison'd shaft invade ;  
 Nor blindly tread dark Circe's magic bow'r,  
 Though arm'd with Moly, wise Ulysses' aid.

And soon again Cam's sedgy banks I'll view,  
 Once more to dwell the murm'ring schools among : —  
 Meanwhile, accept O Charles, these verses few,  
 From friendship's hand, in rhyme alternate sung.

## ELEGY II.

ON THE DEATH OF THE BEADLE OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

THEE, who with shining rod and warning breath,  
Wert wont so oft the gowned tribe to move,  
Now the last summoner of all, stern death,  
(Not her own office fav'ring) calls above.

Thy honor'd temples frosted o'er by years,  
Far whiter were than those fam'd plumes of yore  
Which Jove assum'd to still his Leda's fears,  
When the fair semblance of a swan he bore.

But thou wert worthy of a second spring,  
Like Æson, twice in youth, to blossom fair;  
Thee Æsculapius from the Stygian king,  
Might have redeem'd, mov'd by some goddess' pray'r.



When thou, the wonted messenger did'st stand,  
 On envoy swift from thine Apollo sent,  
 With hasty summons to the gown'd band,  
 And gav'st the purport of thy lord's intent ;

So stood Cyllenius in the Trojan court,  
 Sent from th' ethereal palace of his sire ;  
 So brought Eurybates the stern report,  
 To Thetis' son, inflam'd with madd'ning ire.

Queen of the tomb ! that wing'st the shaft of hell,  
 Alike to science and the muse severe,  
 Why seek not those who on this wide earth dwell  
 A useless load, to croud thy mansion drear ?

Cambridge, lament ! in mourning vesture clad,  
 Bedew with heavy tears his sable hearse ;  
 And Elegy herself in numbers sad,  
 To ev'ry school shall sing his fun'ral verse.

## ELEGY III.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

SILENT, I sat alone,  
 Mine eyes with tears o'erflown,  
 And many a sad idea my soul oppress'd ;  
 When ne'er-reposing thought,  
 The keen remembrance brought,  
 Of that disastrous hour of woe confess'd :  
 When Pestilence with vengeful hand  
 Sent by unpitying Jove, laid waste the fear-struck land.

While the high tow'rs among,  
 With many a trophy hung,  
 Of barons bold, triumphant death appear'd ;  
 With threat'ning mien he sought,  
 Fair domes with gold enwrought,  
 Nor e'en the rulers of the land rever'd :  
 Then thought I on th' untimely bier,  
 Where lay the kindred pair to weeping Albion dear ;

And many a warrior fled  
 To realms beyond the dead,  
 Whose honor'd grave their country's tears bedew :  
 Yet mourn'd I chiefly thee,  
 Who kept the holy see,  
 Of Winchester renown'd with glory true ;  
 And tears I shed, and thus my woes address—  
 “ O death ! inferior but to Jove, unbidden guest !

“ Is't not enough to bow  
 “ The woodland honors low,  
 “ And blast whate'er th' all-fruitful fields contain ?  
 “ Each flow'r of rich perfume,  
 “ Touch'd by thy breath consume,  
 “ The rose and lily breathe their sweets in vain ;  
 “ Nor long thou let'st the oak beside  
 “ The passing current grow, and wonder at the tide.

“ Whate'er on wing upborn  
 “ Salutes the glittering morn,

" Each different tribe the shadowy woods embow'r,  
 " And all th' unnumber'd bands  
 " That haunt the rocks and sands,  
 " Or Neptune's flood, insatiable pow'r,  
 " Become thy prey; and must thou still  
 " On man's superior race exert thy tyrant will'

" Shall princely bosoms feel  
 " Thy sharp unpitying steel,  
 " Nor the clear soul her lov'd abode retain?"—  
 While thus with tortur'd breast  
 My griefs I loud exprest,  
 The dewy Eve rose from the western main;  
 And Phœbus in th' Atlantic stream,  
 His custom'd journey o'er, allay'd his fiery beam.

Now night with peaceful shades  
 The wearied world invades,

And o'er my limbs her gentle slumbers threw ;

When to my wond'ring eyes

Elysium seem'd to rise,

(The lov'd idea my mind can scarce renew)

Gleam'd all around with radiance bright,

As when the glorious sun first lifts his golden light ;

Or when the air displays

Bright Iris' mingled rays,

Clothing the earth in many-color'd vest ;

Bloom'd flow'rs of richer hue,

Than in the gardens grew

Of fam'd Alcinöus, by Flora drest :

And many a silver stream proceeds

(More bright than Tagus far) o'er wide enamell'd meads :

And soft Favonius throws,

Along the shaded rows,

The humid air, enrich'd with balmy smells ;  
 So bloom those fabled shores,  
 In whose sequester'd bow'rs  
 Bright Lucifer, the morning's herald, dwells.  
 As here admiring I survey'd  
 Walks hung with branching vine and many a verdant glade,

The sacred form appear'd  
 Of Winchester rever'd ;  
 A starry crown his holy temples bound,  
 And rays of piercing light  
 Circled his visage bright ;  
 His snowy vest descended to the ground :  
 At whose approach to mansions blest,  
 The earth in trembling sounds a secret joy confest.

A band celestial near,  
 With gemmed wings appear ;



Triumphal notes the ether pure resounds ;

The holy seer they greet,

With choral voices sweet,

And their high chief pronounc'd these joyful sounds :

“ O son approach, the pleasures share

“ Of thy blest father's reign, now freed from mortal care!”

The heav'nly host reply,

In solemn symphony,

Each bright-hair'd seraph strikes his golden lyre,—

But ah ! the morning stole

From my enraptur'd soul

The glorious scene : swift fled the winged quire,

And me alone to sorrow left ;

By day's unwelcome god of such bright joys bereft.

## ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLISH MERCHANTS AT

HAMBURGH.

O SWIFTLY haste across the boundless deep,

My letter, go ! and all the destin'd way

In headlong flight thy course unwearied keep ;

O swiftly speed ! let nought thy journey stay :

To guide thee safe each sea-green pow'r I'll pray,

And Eolus, whom winds in cavern'd rocks obey.

But if thou may'st, O take the charmed car,

That from Egeüs fell Medea bore,

Or the wing'd steeds that brought through clouds from far

The son of Ceres to wild Scythia's shore ;

And when Germania's golden sands appear,  
 To wealthy Hamburgh's walls thy course obedient  
 steer ;

(So call'd from Hama, whom with vengeful hate  
 The Danish club there slew in fatal hour,)
   
Where now resides, on whom the virtues wait,  
 A pastor sage, who leads with guardian pow'r  
 His much-lov'd flock ; life's dearer part to me :  
 His absence oft I mourn, sever'd by fate's decree.

Alas ! what seas, what lofty mountains rise,  
 And from its better half my soul divide :  
 Dearer to me, than to that Grecian wise  
 Was Clinias' son, (to Ajax stern allied,)
   
Or learned Aristotle to the heir  
 Of mightiest Lybian Jove ; adorn'd with virtues  
 rare.

As old Amyntor's son, or Chiron sage,

To the brave Myrmidons' undaunted king,

So dear to me is he ; who to assuage

My thirst, first led me to that sacred spring,

In the recesses of Aonia's mount,

And thrice my lips, well pleas'd, dash'd with the crystal fount.

But fiery Æthon thrice the ram hath seen,

And touch'd his fleecy sides with gold anew ;

And Flora twice appear'd with mantle green,

And the sharp east as oft despoil'd her hue ;

Nor to my sight doth yet his form appear,

Or his tongue's honied accent charm my favor'd ear.

Then, in thy hasty flight, outstrip the wind ;

My letter, go, disdaining tardy rest ;

Him sitting with his peerless bride thou'lt find,

Folding his cherish'd offspring to his breast :

Or haply now he seeks the learned stores  
Of christian fathers sage, or scriptural verse explores :

Or true Religion's peaceful ways explains,  
And show'rs on tender minds celestial dew ;—

For fairest health to him each wish remains,

Fix'd in my anxious breast with passion true:

Relate so much, and then these words repeat,

Thine eyes fix'd humbly on the ground with rev'rence  
meet.

“ To thee, if war permit the muse to sing,

“ From Britain's isle, a land to friendship dear,

“ These lines are sent ; true vows, tho' late, they bring :

“ So let their sound more grateful meet thine ear,

“ Faithful and true, the tardy letter came,

“ From Ithaca's sad lord, to the chaste Grecian

“ dame.

“ But why do I thus seek to wipe away

“ ‘That crime himself confesses to be true?

“ His negligence he owns and long delay,

“ ‘Asham’d so much to slight an office due;

“ And grant thou pardon to his lowly pray’r;

“ Confession may induce an angry judge to spare.

“ The lion ne’er to fearful suppliant shews

“ ‘His murd’rous jaws, pitying his low estate;

“ And oft the cruel Thracian’s bosom glows

“ ‘With soft compassion at misfortune’s fate:

“ Uplifted hands may calm tempestuous skies,

“ Nor do heav’n’s mighty pow’rs ’gainst feeble foes arise.

“ And long he sought this duty to fulfil,

“ ‘And ardent friendship his delay oft blam’d,

“ For wand’ring Fame, true messenger of ill,

“ ‘Spoke of fierce wars that in thy borders flam’d;



“ Thee and thy town in midst of wild alarms,  
“ And Saxon leaders brave preparing deadly arms.”

Now fierce Bellona rages o'er thy fields,  
Full deeply dy'd with blood of victims slain ;  
And rugged Thrace her Mars all furious yields,  
Driving his headlong steeds to carnag'd plain :  
And now the ever-blooming olive fades,  
And by the trumpet scar'd, fair Peace forsakes the  
shades.

Alas ! she flies thy land, and, smit with fear,  
Her native region in the sky regains ;  
While the dread voice of war loud strikes thine ear,  
Alone, and wand'ring on far distant plains :  
There forc'd to seek a scanty means to live,  
Which thine inhospitable soil refus'd to give.



O parent land ! relentless ! fiercer far  
 Than the rude floods that billow on thy shore,  
 With thine own guiltless sons thou wagest war,  
 Compell'd abroad to seek life's needful store ;  
 Whom heav'n itself by pitying angel sends,  
 To point the way to light, when life's frail vision ends.

With famine thou in Stygian gloom should'st dwell,  
 While like the Tishbite he deserted strays,  
 Who fled from Ahab and Sidonia fell,  
 With wearied foot to wild Arabia's ways :  
 So erst with stripes, Cilicia Paul outcast,  
 So from th' ungrateful shore our injur'd Saviour past.

But thou, take heart ; let no vain cares be found ;  
 Nor with base fear thy manly courage chill ;  
 For though the tide of battle rage around,  
 And thousand spears intent thy blood to spill,

Yet shall no hostile steel thy unarm'd side  
 E'er dare to violate, or taste thy life's warm tide.

Beneath the radiant shield of that high pow'r  
 Thou shalt be safe; he whose resistless hand  
 Stretch'd in the silent night, by Sion's tow'r,  
 Th' Assyrian host; and turn'd to flight the band  
 That old Damascus, from her fertile plains,  
 Pour'd num'rous forth, to lead Samaria's sons in  
 chains.

The daunted army, and their monarch pale,  
 He smote with terror, while the empty air  
 Rang with the trumpet's sound and clashing mail;  
 While horned hoofs the plain in thunders tear,  
 And rushing wheels were heard that shook the ground;  
 Th' impatient coursers' neigh, and armies' murm'ring  
 sound.

But O remember thou, thy mind to fill

With hope's bright scenes, on future hours that wait;

And with undaunted heart o'ercome each ill,

That yet lies buried in the womb of fate :

Nor doubt that years far happier yet remain,

To lead thee to thy friends and country's gods again.

## ELEGY V.

## ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Zephyr breathes, and tepid Spring appears,

By Time in endless circuit moving led ;

The earth again youth's verdant mantle wears,

And new-born flow'rs the soften'd soil o'erspread :

Am I deceiv'd, or, nurst by blooming Spring,

Doth Genius tow'ring rise upon exalted wing ?

I do not err ; when smiles the vernal year,

Thou, Genius, wak'st, and dar'st a nobler theme ;

Castalia's fount, the Muses' haunts appear,

And fair Pyrene's hill, in nightly dream :

My bosom burns, with holy transport fir'd,  
 An inward pow'r I own, I feel a rage inspir'd.

Apollo comes himself, his tangled hair  
 With laurel wove—he comes in splendour bright ;  
 Now freed from earth, high through the liquid air  
 And wand'ring clouds I wing my daring flight ;  
 And through night's shades and caves, where many a  
     seer  
 Of old in glory dwells, till heav'n's bright scenes  
     appear.

And now I view the throned gods rejoice,  
 And now the depth of Pluto's mansion dire :—  
 What mighty spirit swells this louder voice ?  
 Whence comes this transport, whence this holy fire ?  
 From bounteous Spring the heav'nly gifts proceed ;  
 For her, O Muse inspir'd, prepare the destin'd need !

“ O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray  
     Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,”  
 Pour forth in praise of Spring thy varied lay,  
     And the sweet year shall wake my ruder quill :  
 Lo ! Spring appears, all hail ye joys of Spring !  
 To thy blest pow’r the Muse a yearly gift shall bring !

Now flying from the scorch’d Tithonian plain,  
     The bounteous Sun here turns his golden car ;  
 Short is the night, soon fleets her shadowy reign,  
     She with her horrid shades howls distant far :  
 Lycaon’s wain no more with vivid ray,  
 Thro’ the wide vault of heav’n, pursues its trackless way,

The spangled host before Jove’s mansion broad,  
     No more keep watch in countless squadrons bright ;  
 For violence and death, and cruel fraud,  
     Fly in the darken’d train of hideous night :



Nor fear the blissful gods again to view,  
The giant sons of earth their impious task renew.

Perhaps some shepherd on a rock now views  
The first approach of day's all-cheering light,  
Painting the dewy earth with various hues,  
And cries aloud, "O glorious Sun! this night  
"No wonted joys have chac'd thy tedious hours,  
"So soon thy fiery steeds forsake their heav'nly  
"bow'rs!"

Lo! Cynthia sees the jocund morning near,  
And to the forest leads her quiver'd train;  
She joys to see her brother's steeds appear,  
And veils her dewy light, and ends her reign:  
Apollo cries, "display thy ruddy charms,  
O bright Aurora! haste, and leave old Tithon's  
arms!"

“ For now alone, amid the covert green,  
     “ Awaiting thee, th’ Eolian shepherd roves  
 “ On tall Hymettus’ hill, with arrows keen ;  
     “ Goddess, arise ! and prove your former loves !”  
 Confessing blushes paint Aurora’s face,  
 More swift she drove her steeds. and urg’d their winged pace.

Now the glad Earth again her youth renews,  
     And leaves her wintry robe, in verdure drest ;  
 Thee, Phœbus, (worthy of thy love) she woos ;  
     How beauteous she—her all-luxuriant breast  
 With eastern odours sweet, displaying wide,  
 While rose and spicy smells within her lips reside.

She binds her forehead with a sacred grove,  
     As Ida’s goddess crown’d with piny tow’r ;  
 Her dewy locks with many a braid she wove,  
     In secret hope to please the much-lov’d pow’r :

Like fairest Proserpine o'erheapt with flow'rs,  
 Who charm'd the sullen god in hell's retired  
 bow'rs.

For thee, Apollo, see what pleasures spring,  
 The vernal airs breathe soft their honey'd vows ;  
 And gentle Zephyr lifts his od'rous wing,  
 And birds for thee rejoice on leafy boughs ;  
 Nor seeks she poor to share thy genial bed,  
 An ample dowry see, for thine acceptance spread.

She proffers thee a rich and varied store  
 Of fruitful herbs, with healing virtues fraught ;  
 And many a gem beneath the ocean hoar,  
 (For oftimes love with presents rare is bought ;)  
 And to thy wond'ring sight she can unfold,  
 What mines of hidden wealth the lofty mountains  
 hold.

How oft, alas ! she calls, “ O Sun, why hide

“ Thy beaming front in azure 'Tethys' breast ?”

(When thou all tir'd from shagg'd Olympus' side,

Low fall'st, where distant glows the ruddy west ;)

“ What's ocean's nymph to thee ? or surgy wave ?

“ O why in briny floods thy form divinest lave ?

“ My cooler shades invite ; O Sun ! here rest,

“ And bathe thy glowing locks in pearly dew ;

“ Repose thy beams upon my constant breast,

“ And slumber soft shall all thy strength renew ;

“ And where thou liest the fanning air shall bring,

“ On dewy pinion light, the sweets of blooming spring !

“ Believe me, hapless Semele's sad name,

“ Nor Phæton's fall impress my love with fear ;

“ More wisely thou can'st rule thy subject flame,

“ O come, and stay thy radiant chariot here !”

So breath'd the wanton Earth her am'rous fire,  
 And all her sons so taught, now burn with soft  
     desire.

For mighty Love now spreads his empire wide,  
     At Phœbus' rays he lights his languid fires ;  
 Prepar'd for death his twanging horn is tied,  
     And his dread shafts he points with fierce desires ;  
 Scarce from his pow'rful archery secure,  
 Remains the huntress queen, or Vesta, goddess pure !

And Venus now, with freshen'd bloom, to all  
     Appears just ris'n from Ocean's hoar profound ;  
 And through each town the youth on Hymen call,  
     And, Hymen ! all the rocks and shores resound :  
 He comes ador'd, array'd in vestment meet,  
 With robe of saffron dye, bedew'd with odours  
     sweet.

And many a nymph, her maiden bosom bound

With zone of golden braid, now ranges wide  
The sweet delights of spring profuse around :

In their fair breasts new vows and hopes reside ;—  
One secret wish the virgin train inspires,  
“ Love, to our vows bestow, the youth our heart desires !”

And now his evening pipe the shepherd tries,

And Phyllis loves to hear the artless strain ;  
The sailor singing, calms the adverse skies,

And calls the wond’ring dolphins from the main ;  
And Jove now sports amid his regal tow’rs,  
And calls to feast and revelry his kindred pow’rs.

And oft, when steals the sober Evening gray,

Mid rural scenes, recluse, in frolic round,  
Rough satyrs on th’ enamell’d verdure play,  
And Sylvanus, (his locks with cypress bound,)



And Dryads wild, in woods embower'd hide,  
 Or rove the flow'ry hills and pebbled fountain's  
     side.

And Pan now haunts the lawns and dewy glades,  
     Ceres and Cybele scarce walk secure;  
 And amorous Faun, along the whisp'ring shades,  
     Some graceful Oread's sportive charms allure,  
 Who feigns to hide from his embraces rude,  
 Flies with dissembled fear, and hopes to be pursued.

And oft the gods reside in sylvan bow'rs,  
     And oft from heav'n's resplendent roof descend:—  
 O visit long these scenes, ye blissful pow'rs,  
     And let each deity our groves befriend;  
 May the blest golden age, thee, Jove, restore  
 To earth's afflicted sons, nor dwell in thunders  
     more!

And thou, Apollo, quiver'd god, O stay

Thy fiery car, and gently drive thy steeds;

And, if thou may'st the rolling year delay,

Long let this blooming season deck our meads:

So Winter slow his hideous gloom shall roll,

And with his dusky shade more late o'ercloud our pole.

## ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DIODATE,

Who wrote to the Author, during the Christmas season, from the country, and requested his verses might be excused, if less good than usual, on account of the entertainment he met with from his friends; which he declared to be unfavorable to the efforts of his Muse.

UNBANISH'D, Charles, by rude excess,  
 May health thy genial banquet bless;  
 Thy gentle Muse invites my strain,  
 From dark Oblivion's pleasing reign;  
 And oft desires the measur'd verse,  
 Love and friendship to rehearse.  
 Believe me, Charles, those kindred pow'rs,  
 Foster'd by Truth in Freedom's bow'rs,  
 Unfetter'd, scorn the bonds of rhyme,  
 Nor move confin'd to measur'd time.

Of gay December's festive board,  
 That celebrates our heav'n-fled lord,  
 To me thou tell'st in pleasing vein,  
 And all the joys of winter's reign;  
 Of solemn feasts and revels high,  
 And goblets ting'd with ruby dye.

And why should revelry and wine  
 Be shunn'd as foes to song divine?  
 Bacchus loves the pow'r of verse,  
 Bacchus oft the Nine rehearse;  
 Nor Phœbus 'self disdains to wear  
 His berries in his golden hair,  
 And ivy green with laurel twine;  
 And oft are seen the sisters nine,  
 Joining in mystic dance, along  
 Aonia's hills, with Bacchus' throng.  
 In frozen Scythia's barren plains,  
 What dullness seiz'd on Ovid's strains;

Their sweetness fled to climes alone  
To Ceres and Lyæus known.

What but wine with roses crown'd,  
Did the Tëian lyre resound?  
Bacchus, with pleasing frenzy fir'd,  
The high Pindaric song inspir'd;  
Each page is redolent of wine,  
When crashing loud the car supine  
On Elis' plains disjointed lies,  
And soil'd with dust the courser flies.  
'Rapt with the god's all-pleasing fire,  
The Roman poet strikes the lyre,  
And in measure sweet addresses  
Chloe fair, with golden tresses;  
Or his lov'd Glycere sings,  
Touching light th' immortal strings.

Then freely thou the banquet give,  
And bid the pow'rs of Genius live;

Fill the sparkling goblet high,  
 In its depth concealed lie  
 Ample stores of choicest treasure,  
 Song inspir'd and Lydian measure :  
 The willing Nine shall then attend,  
 And arts and rich invention lend ;  
 And mirthful Ceres lead along  
 Fair Bacchus and the God of Song,

Thus aided by three pow'rs divine,  
 No wonder sweetest strains are thine;  
 E'en now thou hear'st the plaintive lyre,  
 Gently breathing soft desire ;  
 E'en now thy lute in tap'stried halls  
 To festive dance the virgin calls.  
 If dull intemp'rance drive away  
 The Muse, these scenes invite her stay ;  
 For know, when music breathes around,  
 When the harp's enliv'ning sound



Leads the choir in some high dome,  
 Fill'd with India's rich perfume,  
 Thou may'st Apollo's influence feel  
 Soft o'er the raptur'd sense to steal.  
 How swift a fire pervades our frame,  
 When rous'd by eyes of amorous flame,  
 And music's touch ; at once confest,  
 Thalia rushes o'er the breast.  
 In her train high pow'rs are seen,  
 Love, and beauty's fairest queen,  
 Blythe Ceres, and of youthful shape  
 The monarch of the clust'ring grape :  
 And hence in Bacchus' joyous rites,  
 And festive cheer, the bard delights.

But he whose bolder Muse would rove  
 Mid the battle's rage, and Jove  
 Immortal sing in blissful bow'rs,  
 And sainted chiefs and throned pow'rs—

(Now to highest heav'n ascending,  
 Now in downward flight low bending  
 To infernal Pluto's gates,  
 Where death's griesly porter waits)—  
 He must live on simple store,  
 Herb or fruit, unlook'd for more,  
 And from crystal fount or rill  
 His beechen cup unstained fill;  
 Add to this no spot of sin,  
 Youth devout and chaste within;  
 Pure, as before Jove's altar stands  
 The white-rob'd priest with guiltless hands.

Thus, 'tis said, Tiresias blind,  
 Liv'd, with wise prophetic mind;  
 Ogygian Linus, and the seer  
 Banish'd from his country dear;  
 And Orpheus old, whose magic song  
 Tam'd the list'ning savage throng.

Unnerv'd by ease, by temp'rance fed,  
 The Grecian bard his hero led,  
 Through the warring ocean's roar,  
 Kingdoms rude and desert shore,  
 Safe through the false enchantress' cell,  
 And where th' alluring Syrens dwell ;  
 Exploring next, with fearless tread,  
 Proserpina's mansion dread ;  
 Where, charmed by the sanguine flood,  
 The airy shapes around him stood.

A bard the pow'rs of heav'n approve,  
 His heart, his tongue, confesses Jove.

Now learn how here we pass the hours,  
 While th' unfriendly season lours.—  
 The promis'd age of gold we sing,  
 And the peaceful heav'n-born king ;  
 The earthly wand'rings of the god,  
 Who shares his father's bright abode ;

The eastern star, the angel quire  
Warbling sweet on wings of fire ;  
And ev'ry god of heathen line,  
Fall'n before his worshipt shrine.

Ere rose the morn, these strains we sung,  
Hailing the hour when Christ among  
The nations rude descended bright,  
From mansions blest of purest light.  
For thee, O Charles, those warbled notes remain,  
And thou shalt judge while I rehearse the strain.

## ELEGY VII.

THY gentle laws, O Cyprian queen,  
 This breast ne'er own'd, nor Paphian fire;  
 Love's am'rous wiles, his arrows keen,  
 And infant pow'r, I view'd with ire.

"Go chase," said I, "the peaceful dove,  
 "Such war best fits thy arms untried;  
 "The wanton birds alone, O love!  
 "Shall, vanquish'd, swell thy boyish pride.

"With man why idle combat wage?  
 "Vain are thy shafts at wisdom aim'd!"  
 Love brook'd not this, but prompt to rage,  
 Grew wroth, with double fire inflam'd.—

'Twas spring, and th' early glancing light

Led thy first morn, O flow'ry May !

Yet still my eyes were clos'd in night,

Nor view'd the morning planet's ray ;

When Love approach'd : his wings' rich dyes,

His quiver, and his youthful air,

His form, and sweetly threat'ning eyes,

And graceful mien, the god declare.

(So stood in heav'n the son of Troy,

Mingling the nectar'd cup of Jove ;

Such Hylas, who, ill-fated boy,

Allur'd the water-nymphs to love.)

And passion, kindling in his face,

The fierceness of his rage display'd,

Yet beauty lent his anger grace,

And threats he breath'd, while thus he said :



“ Ah, foolish wretch ! ’twere best to gain

“ Experience by another’s harms ;

“ Now own, thyself, my pow’rful reign,

“ And let thy pains attest my arms.

“ And learn ’twas I, who (Python slain,)

“ Apollo triumphing subdu’d ;

“ He owns his shafts to mine are vain,

“ By Daphne’s memory oft pursued.

“ The flying Parthian, from behind

“ Deals death to each unwary foe ;

“ A surer aim my arrows find ;

“ More fatal my destructive bow.

“ Cydonia’s hunter yields to Love,

“ And Cephalus, who slew his bride ;

“ Orion snatcht to realms above,

“ And Hercules in valour tried.

" My shafts can reach e'en Jove's high breast,  
 " Though round his darts the Thunderer fling ;  
 " Thy disbelief they'll banish best,  
 " And woe, remorse, and anguish bring.

" In vain the Muse thy plaint shall hear,  
 " In vain thou'lt seek Apollo's aid."—  
 He spoke, then shook his glitt'ring spear,  
 And sought the dewy Cyprian shade.

In me his threats awoke no dread,  
 I laugh'd to scorn the infant pow'r ;  
 And walk'd where roving fancy led,  
 Through town, to mead, and woodland bow'r.

A virgin train, divinely fair,  
 As on I stray'd soon met my view,  
 Where breath'd the soft and shaded air,  
 And Spring her choicest favors threw.

Pleas'd at the scene, with doubled ray  
 Shone the fair morn in lustre bright ;  
 And from their charms the god of day  
 Borrow'd fresh beams of blazing light.

Nor, too severe, this scene I fled,  
 But gave to youth and joy the rein ;  
 My eyes with many a charm I fed,  
 Nor could their roving sight restrain.

And one, more beauteous than the rest,  
 I noted soon, far rais'd above  
 Her fellows fair,—ah ! then my breast  
 Receiv'd the first dread shaft of Love.

Adorn'd like her, would beauty's queen  
 To mortals' wond'ring gaze appear ;  
 So would the wife of Jove be seen,  
 Stately in form and visage clear.

But Love himself, with vengeful art,  
 Had brought me now his toils among ;  
 Nor far he lurk'd; with many a dart,  
 And quiver from his shoulder hung—

Now on the maiden's lips he strays,  
 Now paints her cheek with mingled red,  
 And with each grace insidious plays,  
 While to my heart his arrows sped.

To new-born passions straight a prey,  
 Inflam'd with furious love I burn;  
 But she, the while, was fled away  
 From my sad eyes, ne'er to return.

Mute, I proceed, with sorrowing care—  
 Oft pause, then seek her paths to tread;  
 While busy thought pursues the fair,  
 And mourns for joys so early fled.

Olympus lost, so Vulcan wept,  
 To Lemnos' sooty forges hurl'd;  
 So he whose steeds hell's gulph down lept,  
 View'd with last look the fading world.

Ah me! the worst of fates I prove,  
 Doom'd to lament a hopeless flame;  
 No trace remains of her I love,  
 No pow'r my raging fire can tame.

O that once more her face divine,  
 (So lovely fair,) these eyes might view;  
 Then bending low, at beauty's shrine,  
 In sad complaining notes I'd sue.

Her breast perhaps my pray'r might move,  
 Nor adamantine rigour find;  
 Perhaps the gentle tale of love  
 Might move her soul to pity kind.

Alas! what age, what clime can shew,

A wretch whose fate resembles mine?

My tears all unavailing flow,—

The saddest victim at Love's shrine.

Ah spare, if thou be Venus' child,

Ah spare, I pray, this misery;

Let not thine inborn nature, mild,

And deeds (too cruel,) disagree.

O now thy pow'r supreme I own,

Dread is thy shaft, and strong thy bow;

Thine altars hence ador'd, alone

Shall smoke with many a duteous vow.

So shalt thou chace at length,—but no,

This pleasing fury still dispense,—

I know not how, but lover's woe

Fills with sweet pain the willing sense.



Yet grant, benign, O grant this pray'r;  
 If e'er again thine empire fierce,  
 This bleeding breast is doom'd to bear,  
 One shaft, two hearts, at once may pierce.

THUS, with light mind, in earlier days, I strove,  
 Vain trophies in my folly's praise, to rear;  
 By heedless error taught, from truth to rove;  
 By untam'd youth, a dang'rous course to steer;

Till in the sacred Academic shade,  
 I drank the pure Athenian stream that flows;  
 When soon those fires of love began to fade,  
 Nor now the servile yoke my reason knows.

Relentless frost my bosom now congeals,  
 And, lost his flame, the archer dreads defeat;  
 And Venus' self, reluctant, terror feels,  
 And fears a second Diomed to meet.

## EPIGRAMS.

## ON THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

AGAINST our monarch and the British lords,  
Dar'd thou, O Faux ! thy arts perfidious try!  
Or dost thou plead thy guilt some good affords,  
And cloak thy horrid deed with piety?

Them in dark flame and fiery chariot roll'd,  
Thou would'st have sent th' ethereal courts to gain;  
Like him whose sacred head no fate controul'd,  
By sudden whirlwind rapt from Jordan's plain.

## ON THE SAME.

WAS this, O fraudulent beast, thy purport ill,  
To place our James on high, mid sainted choir;  
Thou that liest hid upon the sevenfold hill,  
Brooding thy horrid deeds and vengeance dire?

No better could thy deity bestow?  
But spare thy aid, thy gifts insidious spare;  
He, without help of thee, full late will go,  
Nor wrapt in flames, to seek those regions fair.

But, rather, thus the cowl and rosary send,  
And the brute deities of Rome, profane;  
For they, (unless such arts their cause befriend)  
Believe me, scarce the path to heav'n will gain.

## ON THE SAME.

OUR royal James, mov'd to contempt, denies  
That man through purgatory gains the skies.  
The Latian monster with the triple crown,  
Listen'd, malignant, with an angry frown;  
And, loudly raging, with retorted scorn,  
Shakes in despite his threat'ning tenfold horn;  
And lo, he cries, "Who thus my faith disdains,  
" Vengeance alone, and indignation gains;  
" If e'er his steps to highest heav'n aspire,  
" His only path lies through deep gulphs of fire."  
O, thy sad prophesy to truth was near,  
And thy dread words did scarcely false appear!  
Hardly he 'scap'd, by flames Tartarean hurl'd,  
To view the regions of the starry world.

## ON THE SAME.

FIRST, impious Rome with deepest curses tries  
Her foes to plunge in dark abyss of hell;  
And next, resolves to lift them to the skies,  
E'en where the throned gods exalted dwell.

## ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

PROMETHEUS' fame Antiquity hath sounded,  
Who stole from Phœbus' car ethereal fire;  
But he superior merits praise unbounded,  
Who snatch'd the arms, the bolt of heav'n's dread sire.

## TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME.

'Tis said some angel at high Jove's behest,  
Irradiate dwells in ev'ry mortal breast,  
Nor doubt we, Leonora; since we find,  
In thee an honour of superior kind.  
Clearly thy voice a deity reveals;  
Some mighty god, or tuneful spirit, steals,  
(Warbling sweet strains,) into thy swelling throat.  
Warbling he steals, and plies th' harmonious note,  
Teaching our mortal senses, by degrees,  
To bear the force of heav'n's pure melodies.  
Sure if a God in all around is shewn,  
(To others mute) he speaks in thee alone.



## TO THE SAME.

ANOTHER Leonora Tasso sung,  
But love the bard to fatal madness stung;  
Ah, happier, if, to times more modern known,  
Thee, Leonora, he had lov'd alone;  
And listen'd to the song the heav'ns inspire,  
And heard thee touch thy sweet maternal lyre:  
Then, though more wild than Pentheus had he rag'd,  
Thy song his furious madness had assuag'd;  
Or if dull melancholy gloom'd his soul,  
Charm'd the malignant fiend with soft controul;  
Thy voice his wand'ring senses would compose,  
And bid in sweetest sounds his tortur'd breast repose.

## TO THE SAME.

WHY dost thou, Naples, credulous, suppose

That fam'd Parthenope's dear tomb is thine;

That thy Sicilian shades, now mute, enclose

The sacred ashes of the nymph divine?

O still she lives, but quits the murm'ring tide

Of hoarse Pausillipo, for Tyber's plains;

And now at Rome, where prosp'rous arts reside,

Both gods and men with magic song detains.

## THE CLOWN AND LANDLORD.

## A FABLE.

A PEASANT from his tree; an annual store  
Of choicest apples to his landlord bore;  
Who the sweet flavour of the fruit so lov'd,  
That to his own rich soil the tree he mov'd.  
Fruitful before, the plant its native clay  
Long barren mourn'd, then died in slow decay.  
Thus, his intention void, the conscious lord  
The busy rashness of his hand deplor'd;  
And "ab," said he, "'twas better when the hind  
Paid his small tribute with a grateful mind!  
I might have curb'd my taste with little cost,  
But now both parent and the fruit are lost."

ON THE  
DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,  
A PHYSICIAN.

O YE who dwell upon this pendant orb,  
Japetus' offspring; learn to obey the fates'  
Unchangeable decrees;  
And the dread sisters' will.

If Death, relentless, to dark Tænarus  
Once call ye, weeping, hence; ah, no delay  
Can fraud, or force obtain:  
The Stygian shades are near.

If mortal arm could fatal death repel,  
Stern Hercules, envenom'd with the blood  
Of Nessus, had not died  
On the Thessalian hill;

Nor, through Minerva's fraud, had Ilion mourn'd  
 Her Hector slain; or, him, deplor'd by Jove,  
     Whom young Patroclus pierc'd,  
     Arm'd with the Locrian steel.

If Hecat's potent art could hope to charm  
 The unrelenting pow'r, Circè had liv'd;  
     And fell Medea still  
     Wav'd her subduing rod.

Or, if the potency of herb or drug  
 Could baffle aught the three-fold deity,  
     Machaon had not fall'n  
     Beneath a hostile spear.

Nor would the arrow dipt in viper's blood,  
 Have wounded thee, O Chiron; nor the shaft  
     Of angry Jove destroy'd  
     The Sage, Apollo's son.

And thou, too, dearer to the healing god,  
 Who here supreme rul'st o'er the gowned tribe ;  
     O thou whom Helicon  
     and woody Cirrha mourn!

Among us still presiding hadst remain'd,  
 Enrob'd with honors due ; nor yet have pass'd  
     In Charon's shatter'd bark,  
     Hell's horrid gulph profound.

But dire Persephonè, with anger saw  
 How through thy potent art, numbers escap'd  
     Death's desolated courts ;  
     And, cruel, snapt thy thread.

O may thy sacred limbs securely rest  
 Beneath the hallow'd turf, and o'er thy grave  
     The purple hyacinth  
     And early roses bloom.



May Æacus adjudge no doom severe,  
And Proserpine, relenting, deign a smile;  
And to Elysium  
Conduct thy blissful shade!

## ON THE

## DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.

My cheeks o'erspread with dew,  
Yet wore pale Sorrow's hue,  
These lucid orbs yet dropt with briny tears ;  
For holy Andrews shed,  
(Who lately sought the dead)  
Prelate, where Winchester its spire uprears ;  
And bow'd before his tomb, I paid  
Each rite and pious duty to his hallow'd shade.

When many-tongued Fame,  
(Who truest loves to name,

The sad report of death and direful story,)
   
The race from Neptune sprung,
   
And Britain's towns among,
   
The rumour spread, that thou, our island's glory,
   
By death and fate, hence borne away,
   
No more in Ely's isle maintain'd thy priestly sway :

Then grief and deadly ire,
   
My troubled bosom fire,
   
Devoting Death to her own narrow cell ;
   
No equal rage oppress,
   
The Roman's lofty breast
   
When his stern vengeance upon Ibis fell ;
   
Nor sung Archilochus more dire
   
To his once promis'd bride, and her deceitful sire

While thus with vengeful hate,
   
That pow'r I imprecate,

And would to Death herself a death decree;

Borne gently to mine ear,

These sounds I wond'ring hear,

“ Why harm an unoffending deity ?

“ Thine angry threats and rage dispel,

“ For sacred Death is not, as thy frail thought would tell,

“ Of fell Erinnyes born

“ Or sable Night forlorn,

“ Nor from vast Chaos sent to roam abroad ;

“ But on glad embassy,

“ She leaves the starry sky,

“ And gathers in the harvest of her lord ;

“ And from its fleshy tomb sets free

“ Th' immortal soul, to light and heav'nly liberty.

“ (As from their captive bow'rs

“ The rosy-bosom'd Hours,

“ Daughters of Jove, let loose the glorious Prime,)  
 “ Endued with sacred trust,  
 “ She leads the happy just  
 “ To her great Sire and never-fading clime;  
 “ But opes to Sin the iron gate,  
 “ Where cavern’d in dark shades, sad woes her train await.”

Her voice, divine to hear,  
 So took my ravish’d ear,  
 That soon I left this dark corporeal jail;  
 ’Mid thousand Cherubim,  
 And winged Seraphim,  
 Upborne, the starry vault I quickly scale;  
 As the fam’d seer of ancient time,  
 In fiery wheeled car, erst rode with state sublime.

And soaring thus on high,  
 I view’d with fearless eye,

Böotes near, light up his vivid star ;

And the slow pacing wain,

Among th' ethereal train,

Scorpio (with dreadful limbs extending far)

And fierce Orion's glitt'ring steel ;

Then soon I flew beyond Apollo's burning wheel.

And far below, with awe,

I pale Diana saw,

Guiding her winged steeds with golden rein ;

Admiring oft my speed,

I pass'd the lacteal mead,

And by fix'd stars and many a lambent train

Of wand'ring fires, advent'rous steer'd

My daring flight sublime, till Jove's high mount appear'd.

The sacred gates thereon,

With beamy radiance shone,



The crystal tow'rs and emerald paved court :—  
But soft, here pause my lyre,  
What being shall aspire,  
Of mortal father sprung, to give report  
Of heav'nly joys? Enough for me  
In those blest realms to dwell, through long eternity !

## NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY AGE.

ALAS, what error clouds the mind of man ;  
 Impenetrable gloom, dark as the orbs  
 Of wretched Œdipus ! Oft he presumes,  
 Inspir'd by folly, to compare heav'n's deeds  
 With acts of frail mortality : records  
 Inscrib'd on time-enduring adamant,  
 With changeable and human ; and the laws  
 Of Fate by endless ages unobscur'd,  
 With counsels of his own vain short-liv'd hours.

Shall then fair Nature's visage, furrow'd deep,  
 Confess the hand of Age ; and through long years  
 Our universal parent feel decay ?  
 Old and unfruitful will she tremble then

And palsied, shake her star-encircled brows?  
 Shall the waste hunger of devouring years,  
 Despoil the beauty of the sphery train  
 Sunk in obscure old age? Shall ruthless Time,  
 Insatiate, devour the very heav'ns,  
 And feed upon the bowels of his sire?  
 Ah, why did Jove, improvident, neglect  
 To guard against such ill, and give his works  
 Endless duration? Then a time must come  
 (That awful period) when, with rushing sound  
 Tremendous, the arch'd vault of heav'n shall fall,  
 Jove and his tow'rs descend, and Pallas arm'd  
 With Gorgon shield, be thrown from her abode  
 As from his seat maternal Juno's son  
 Fell headlong on th' Ægean isle? And thou,  
 O glorious Sun! thou too shalt imitate  
 Sad Phæton's course, and drive thy flaming car  
 Prone to swift ruin; Nerëus shall smoke,

Extinguishing thy fiery orb, and fill  
 With mournful hissings all the wond'ring deep.  
 'Then airy Hæmus, from its rooted base  
 Uptorn, shall fall, and vast Ceraunia's rocks,  
 Once by the giant brood hurl'd against heav'n,  
 Sinking to hell's profound abyss, impress  
 The gloomy monarch of the shades with fear.

But otherwise Omnipotence, divine,  
 Ordain'd; and plann'd this universal frame  
 With stronger counsel: he, of Destiny  
 The mighty scales poiz'd equally, and all  
 His fair creation, in just order rang'd,  
 And fix'd perpetual. Hence the spher'd earth,  
 Changeless preserves its old diurnal round,  
 And the starr'd heav'ns in circling measures move;  
 Lone Saturn keeps his slow accustom'd pace,  
 And Mars appears with red and fiery crest,

Still ardent as of yore. Apollo too  
 Joys in eternal youth, nor slopes his car  
 More near to warm the low exhausted vales;  
 But, ever bounteous, sheds a fost'ring beam,  
 And through the zodiac wheels his fiery orb.  
 Fair, as at first, that beauteous star appears  
 Rising in th' od'rous East, which leads at eve  
 Th' ethereal train along the paled sky,  
 And home conducts at dawn; dividing so  
 Th' empire of day and night. Still the chaste Moon,  
 Clasp'ing the solar fire Apollo sheds,  
 Wastes and renews her changeful horn alternate.  
 Nor change the Elements; Jove's lurid bolt,  
 With wonted force, strikes the high piled rocks;  
 Corus still rages, and the northern blast  
 Visits the Scythian still, with furious roar,  
 And breathes the winter, and o'erclouds the pole;  
 And still, as he was wont, the wat'ry god

Beats on Pelorus, the Sicilian cape ;  
And the hoarse triton, through the swelling waves,  
Still sounds his wreathed shell ; nor sport the whales  
In shallower floods. Nor is that vigour gone,  
O mighty Earth ! which thou wast gifted with  
In ages past ; Narcissus still preserves  
His rich perfume, and Phœbus, thy lov'd flow'r,  
And Cytherea, thine. And, teeming still,  
O Earth ! thy mountains hide the massy ore ;  
And, conscious of the fatal gift, the seas  
Conceal thy gems. So, through each future age,  
Shall Nature move unwearied in her course,  
Till the last flame, vindictive, waste this orb,  
(Each pole and heav'n's broad firmament  
Encircling wide) and in one mighty pile  
Consume the vast foundations of the world !



## ON THE

## FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Now from the frozen north our holy James  
Advancing, held fair Albion's wide domain,  
And Teucer's race ; and now in lasting bond  
To Caledonia England's realm had join'd.  
In wealth and joy upon his new-fill'd throne  
Peaceful he sat, secure from foreign foe,  
And dark intestine fraud. When the fierce king  
That rules the fiery-flowing Acheron,  
Heav'n's wand'ring exile, the dark furies' sire,  
Chanc'd through this mighty orb of earth, (deck'd fair  
With many a region wide,) abroad to roam,  
Numb'ring his faithful ; after death unmourn'd,

Doom'd to partake the terrors of his reign,  
 As partners now in sin.   Pois'd in mid air,  
 Tempestuous clouds he raises, and on earth  
 Invidious hatred plants 'twixt bosom'd friends;  
 Incites to mutual rapine armed states,  
 And plucks the blooming olive from the world.  
 And chief, where'er he sees of virtue pure  
 Some lover chaste, him above all he wills  
 To own his sovereignty; with deep laid fraud  
 He scales his firm unconquerable breast,  
 And hopeful to ensnare his virtue, (weak  
 Or slumb'ring,) plies incessantly his toil.

As through some lonely waste a tiger fierce,  
 Pursues his fear-struck prey, while the pale moon  
 Lies in her secret cave, and glimm'ring stars  
 Dimly appear; so hell's dread monarch girt  
 With azure flames, infests this peaceful orb.

And now appear, wash'd by the sounding tide,  
 High rocks and hoary cliffs; an island lov'd  
 By ocean's wat'ry god, and Albion nam'd  
 From him of Neptune's race, who swam through seas,  
 Fearless, and sought Alcmena's son in fight,  
 Ere the blood-stained age of ravag'd Troy.

This island blest with wealth and festive peace,  
 Satan observ'd; deck'd with Cerean spoils  
 Her plenteous fields, and, what he inly griev'd,  
 A people worshipping high God alone.  
 At length deep sighs burst from his tortur'd breast,  
 Mingled with lurid sulphur and dark flame.  
 As fell Typhæus, bound by angry Jove  
 In Etna's hollow side, indignant flames  
 Darts from his parched throat, so Satan breath'd  
 In ireful mood; his kindling eye-balls flash  
 Fierce fury, and his iron teeth he grinds

implacable ; like to the clash of arms,  
And spear to spear oppos'd, in furious strife.

“ And have I rang'd the world, and find alone  
“ This isle,” said he, “ this lamentable land,  
“ Rebellious and more powerful than my art ?  
“ O yet Revenge, (if aught my strength avails,)  
“ ‘ Too long delay'd, shall strike this destin'd soil !’—  
Nor more:—then through the liquid air the fiend  
Speeds his swift flight, upborne on murky wing ;  
Around his course the unloos'd winds attend,  
Dark clouds condense, and frequent lightnings gleam.

Now had he pass'd the snowy Alpine hills,  
And gain'd th' Ausonian borders ; on the left  
Stood cloudy Appennine, and Sabine old ;  
Hetruria, noted for her venom'd art,  
Bounded the right ; thee, Tyber, too he saw

Steal to th' embrace of ocean's azure nymph ;  
 'Then to the sacred tow'r he wings his flight  
 Of Mars-born Romulus. And now late eve  
 Shot forth a dubious light ; when, issuing forth,  
 A splendid train along the city mov'd.  
 Crown'd with a triple diadem, their chief  
 High rode exalted on the multitude,  
 Bearing his imag'd gods ; while kings before  
 Submissive walk'd, and stretch'd in long array  
 Mendicant friars (nurst in Cimmerian gloom)  
 Bore waxen torches ; till at length they reach  
 A temple blazing with unusual light.  
 ('Twas Peter's eve) and the full burst of song,  
 Swell'd in the hollow dome and fill'd the choir ;  
 Like as when Bacchus and his noisy rout,  
 On Aracyntha their mad orgies sing,  
 While Asop trembles in his crystal wave,  
 And vext Cythæron answers to the sound.

At length the custom'd ceremonies o'er,  
 Night silently forsook the cold embrace  
 Of Erebus, and rous'd her headlong steeds,  
 Fierce Melanchætes, and Typhlonta-blind,  
 With torpid Siope, of hell's dark stream  
 Accursed, born, and horrid Phrica, shagg'd  
 With dreadful mane. Meanwhile the lord of kings,  
 Heir to infernal Phlegethon's dire reign,  
 With secret guilt sought his adult'rous couch;  
 But scarce had sleep his heavy eyelids clos'd,  
 When the dark prince of hell, man's deadliest foe,  
 Wrapt in a feigned shape before him stood.  
 White seem'd his locks, and down his bosom flow'd  
 A snowy beard majestically long:  
 His gown was grey, and from his razor'd top  
 A cowl depended; and around his loins,  
 (That nought might want dissimulation due,)  
 A hempen cord he wore; with sandal'd feet,



Feigning a solemn gait. So, as Fame tells,  
 Franciscus erst, through many a desert rude,  
 The drear abode of savage wildness, walk'd  
 With impious lips teaching the words of life;  
 And taming lions and gaunt famish'd wolves.

And, thus disguis'd, the Serpent fraudulent,  
 Fram'd to these words his execrable tongue.—  
 “ Sleep'st thou, O son? doth slumber chain thy limbs  
 “ O heedless of thy faith, lost to thy flock!  
 “ E'en now a rude and hyperborean race,  
 “ Despise thy church and scorn thy diadem:  
 “ Arise! awake! slothful arise! O thou,  
 “ Whom Cæsar honors and the heav'ns admire,  
 “ Rise and confound thine enemies, abash  
 “ Their swelling pride, rebellious let them feel  
 “ What thy fierce malediction can effect,  
 “ And he who keeps th' Apostle's holy key.

" Rise and avenge the shatter'd fleets of Spain,  
 " Their banner'd ships sunk in the 'whelming tide;  
 " Avenge, ~~avenger~~ 'er'd bodies of thy saints,  
 " Late fix'd in scorn upon th' opprobrious cross,  
 " Beneath the reign of th' Amazonian maid.  
 " But if thy couch and slumbers rather please,  
 " Than to depress thy foes' increasing strength,  
 " He with an armed host shall crowd thy seas,  
 " And place on Aventine the torch of war;  
 " The sacred reliques of revered saints,  
 " With fire he shall consume; and tread profane  
 " Upon thy holy neck, whose feet erewhile  
 " Adoring kings, prostrate, were wont to kiss.  
 " Nor hope in open and avowed war,  
 " To crush thine armed foe; th' attempt is vain:  
 " Rather use fraud, against the heretic  
 " All arts are lawful; and behold e'en now,  
 " From all parts of his realm, the mighty king  
 " Assembles to his council, statesmen old

“ With chosen of the high nobility,  
 “ And robed senators approv’d in years ;  
 “ Them to the viewless winds thou may’st disperse  
 “ Dismember’d, and in ashes, with the aid  
 “ Of nitrous powder secretly dispos’d,  
 “ Beneath the temple where their senate meets,  
 “ And of th’ intended deed the faithful warn  
 “ That yet may dwell in England’s fated land ;  
 “ (’Mong whom, who dares oppose thy high behest?)  
 “ So on thy foe, confounded with the blow,  
 “ Th’ Iberian fierce, or Gaul, may sudden rush ;  
 “ The age of pious Mary shall return,  
 “ And thou once more in warlike Britain reign.  
 “ Nor fear th’ attempt, leagu’d with each deity  
 “ Auspicious; and the righteous pow’rs ador’d,  
 “ By thee in annual fast.” So Satan spoke,  
 And soon divested of his borrow’d garb,  
 Fled to dark Lethe’s shore—his joyless realm.

And now Tithonia, (the eastern gates  
 Unfolding,) in returning splendor cloth'd  
 The freshen'd earth ; and, (still lamenting sad  
 The hapless fun'ral of her sable son,)  
 Shed on the mountain tops ambrosial tears,  
 While Night withdrew, and all her shadowy train.

There lies a spot, shrouded in thickest gloom,  
 Once the foundations of some stately pile,  
 A cavern now ; pale Murder's secret haunt,  
 And Treason's den ; whom, at one direful birth  
 Discord, a pair implacable, produc'd.  
 Unburied bones and bodies pierc'd with steel,  
 Cover that desolated waste ; Deceit  
 Sits ever there, and rolls his jealous eyes ;  
 Strife rages, and destructive Calumny  
 Arm'd with envenom'd fang ; there Fury howls,  
 And Death presents ten thousand dreadful shapes ;  
 Horror, and ghastly fear, and airy shades

Through the mute silence pour the frequent shriek ;  
 And sanguine streams stain the polluted ground.  
 But far within, the pair detestable,  
 Murder and Treason, lie conceal'd, and oft,  
 Oppress'd with guilt, through the foul darkness fly,  
 None following. The Babylonian chief  
 Invokes this pair, Rome's faithful champions long,  
 And thus bespoke :—" Far in the show'ry west,  
 " Bounded by seas, a hated nation dwells,  
 " Rude and uncouth, sever'd by prudent Nature,  
 " From this our world ; thither with swiftest speed,  
 " And with your hellish arts and powder dire,  
 " Scatter abroad in air their king and lords,  
 " (A race detestable) and to your aid  
 " Join each who burns with flame of holy zeal."  
 He ended ; and th' obedient pair obey.

Meanwhile th' Almighty from his flaming throne,  
 (Bending with mighty curve the azure sky,)



Look'd down with scorn upon their counsels vain,  
Himself the guardian of his people's rights.

There is a place ('tis said) where Europe fair  
Apart from Asia stands, and looks upon  
The lake of Mœris; there, immortal Fame  
Dwells in a lofty tow'r of brazen mould,  
Sounding and wide, and nearer to the skies  
Than Athos, or high Pelion on the top  
Of woody Ossa laid. A thousand doors  
The edifice unfolds, and windows clear;  
And through the crystal walls, resplendent courts,  
And halls of wide magnificence are seen;  
Ten thousand voices fill the wond'ring air,  
With endless tumult; as in summer-tide,  
A swarm of flies, around the dairy cool,  
Or woven fold, croud with incessant hum.  
High on the tow'r the mighty goddess sits;  
Her lofty head crown'd with unnumber'd ears,



To catch each murmur, and remotest sound,  
 From ev'ry corner of the spacious globe.—  
 (Thy watchful front, O Argus, cruel foe  
 To Iö fair, far fewer eyes could boast ;  
 Eyes looking wide on ev'ry subject land,  
 And never yielding to soft flow'ry sleep.)—  
 Oft she illumines each darkest nook or cell,  
 Impervious to the sun, and all she hears,  
 Or sees, spreads wide upon a thousand tongues ;  
 Alike or true or false, augmented oft,  
 The busy tale she tells. Yet shall our Muse,  
 O glorious Fame, thy high renown exalt,  
 None more deserving of our praise ; to thee,  
 O wand'ring deity, Britannia owes  
 Existence, and thy praise we thus recite.  
 To thee, th' Almighty, who presides in heav'n  
 With everlasting fires, loud thundering spake  
 And shook the trembling earth :—"Fame art thou mute ?  
 " From thee this foul conspiracy concealed ;

“ Which Papists with united impious fraud,  
 “ Project against my pow’r, and Britain’s isle ?”  
 Nor more: she own’d the Thunderer’s high will,  
 And though full swift before, robes in light wings,  
 With various plumage gay, her slender form,  
 And seiz’d her trumpet loud, nor more delay.  
 The yielding air she parts with pinion strong,  
 And in her eager flight soon gains the clouds;  
 And now the winds and swift Apollo’s car  
 Leaves far behind. Arriv’d at Albion’s shore,  
 She first among the towns and cities spreads  
 Doubtful reports of strange uncertain deeds;  
 Then (publishing abroad the secret plot)  
 All the detested work of Treason tells;  
 And last, the authors of such dire intent:  
 Nor, garrulous, conceals the very spot  
 Appointed for the deed. At the dread news  
 All ranks and ages tremble, every breast  
 A sense of horrible misfortune fills.

But from his throne immortal Jove look'd down  
With pity on his people, and oppos'd  
The infamous attempt. The traitors seiz'd,  
Soon to avenging punishments were led;  
And on the altars of high God were burnt  
Incense and off'ring pure; the joyous youth  
Lead festive dances, and with genial fires  
Each street illumine. Through the changing year,  
No day more celebrated ever comes,  
Than the fam'd fifth of dark November's reign.

ON

## THE PLATONIC IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

O SAY, ye guardians of the sacred groves,  
And thou blest mother of the tuneful Nine,  
Immortal Memory ! and thou who dwell'st  
In spacious cave remote, and keep'st Jove's laws  
And all the chronicles and feasts of heav'n,  
Eternity ! say who is He, from whom  
Diligent Nature copied the human form ?  
Eternal, incorrupt, old as the poles,  
Single, yet universal, image of God !  
Sprung like Minerva from all-pow'rful Jove,  
Yet he resides not in his parents' mind ;  
And, though partaking of our nature, dwells  
Abstracted and alone in some fix'd space.

If with the stars, perpetual wanderer,  
 He haply roves among the tenfold heav'ns;  
 Or dwells in chaste Diana's neighb'ring orb :  
 Or lays his form where throng the restless shades,  
 And sleeps beside the dull Lethæan stream :  
 Or if remote in some drear clime unknown,  
 This mighty archetype of man walks forth,  
 And to the gods tremendous lifts his head,  
 Higher than Atlas with his starry load :—  
 Tiresias whose quench'd orbs gave inward light,  
 Him saw not in his deep prophetic breast,  
 Nor in the still night shew'd Pleiones son  
 Such wond'rous vision to th' observant seers ;  
 Nor him th' Assyrian knew, although he sung  
 The royal ancestors of Ninus old  
 With ancient Belus, and Osiris fam'd ;  
 Nor thrice great Hermes, most renown'd of all,  
 (Though vers'd in hidden mystery) e'er told  
 To wat'ry Egypt of such Being dread.

And thou, O honour of th' Athenian grove,  
(If first from thee such monstrous tales we learn)  
Now to thy state the exil'd bards recall;  
Or thou thyself its founder, fabling more  
Than poets dare, shalt leave its sacred walls !



## TO HIS FATHER.

Now in the clear Pierian fount that streams  
Fast flowing from the sacred hill, I'd wash  
With bared bosom, and the lucid wave  
Pour on my head profuse ; so might the Muse  
Of meaner sounds forgetful, plume her wing  
For bolder flight, and for a much-lov'd sire  
Attempt sublimer strains. Father, to thee,  
Howe'er it grateful prove, this trivial work  
Is dedicate ; for better to repay  
Thy num'rous gifts, our slender pow'r forbids,  
(A recompence, unsuited to thy love,  
The shallow tribute of unreal sounds,)  
Yet all we have receive : this page shall give  
Our utmost wealth, nor own we other stores

Than the rich bounty of those dreams inspir'd,  
 That golden Clio in Parnassian groves,  
 Imparts beneath some still removed cave.

Nor thou the poet's sacred toil despise;  
 For know, the mind requires no better proof  
 To shew her origin and heavenly birth,  
 Than verse; pure vestige of Promethean fire.  
 Immortal song can charm the list'ning gods,  
 And with delight inspire the depths of hell,  
 And soothe her king, and all her horrors bind,  
 In more than triple adamantine chains.  
 The trembling Sybil, the prophetic priest,  
 Cloth'd in mysterious verse heav'n's oracles;  
 And with due songs Religion paid her vows,  
 When the mute sacrifice with gilded horns  
 Fell, and the seer in the dark entrails view'd  
 The secret purposes of hidden Fate.  
 And we, O Father, when our hour arrives,

To visit the immortal realms above,  
 With starry crowns shall dwell in temples wide,  
 And sing unto our golden lyres ; whose notes  
 Sublime, touch'd with rare harmony the spheres  
 Shall wide resound, and all the courts of heav'n.  
 And the etherial spirit, (e'en now,) who guides  
 The circling orbs, immortal melody  
 And high unutterable verse pours forth  
 Amid the starry choir ; the serpent stills  
 Meanwhile his fiery tongue ; Orion fierce,  
 Relenting, drops at once his charmed sword,  
 And wearied Atlas feels his load no more.  
 Inspiring songs were wont to raise the soul,  
 At royal feasts and high solemnities ;  
 Ere yet waste luxury had sought to please  
 The pamper'd taste, and mod'rate cups flow'd round.  
 The bard then sitting at the festive board,  
 His unshorn locks entwin'd with sacred oak,  
 Renown'd exploits, and high inspiring deeds

Of heroes sung ; dark Chaos, and the world  
 On wide foundations laid ; and gods who roam'd  
 On earth and fed on acorns, rural pow'rs,  
 And thund'rous bolts not yet by Vulcan's art  
 Form'd in dark Ætna's caves. O, why alone  
 Should melody's unmeaning notes delight,  
 Without the sense of words ? such sounds may well  
 The rustic dance befit ; for Orpheus ne'er  
 With harp alone could move the rocks and woods  
 To pity ; but his magic verse drew tears,  
 E'en from the stony unrelenting eyes  
 Of haggard ghosts ; such praise his song demands.

Then scorn no more, I pray, the sacred Muse,  
 Nor deem her gifts useless and vain ; 'tis she  
 Who teaches thee to match with verse due sounds,  
 And through the mazes of melodious airs,  
 To modulate the tuneful voice divine.  
 Just heir art thou to all Arion's fame,

Why should'st thou wonder then, if I display  
 Some portion of the Muse ; if, join'd to thee  
 So near in sacred tie, I also seek  
 Congenial studies and a kindred art ?  
 Apollo's self was willing to divide  
 His pow'r with us, and gave to each a gift :  
 Thou tak'st his sacred lyre, I his sweet verse,  
 And son and sire the god dividual share.

O father, sure that hatred is but feign'd,  
 With which thou entertain'st the gentle muse ;  
 For thou did'st never to my choice commend  
 Those paths of action that to speedy wealth  
 Lead with alluring hope ; nor did thy will  
 Condemn me to the tedious law's pursuit,  
 Nor chain my ear to clients' idle tongues :  
 But more desirous to enrich my mind,  
 Far from the haunts of men, my willing youth  
 Thou led'st apart to silent pensive shades



By wild Aonia's streams ; and there didst leave  
 Thy grateful son companion to the Muse.  
 I pass the common duties of a sire,  
 Me higher themes engage. O father, thou,  
 When Roman Eloquence unlock'd her stores,  
 And lofty Greece unfolded to my view  
 Her dignity of sounds, (fit words for Jove,)  
 Did'st bid me add the flow'rs of humbler France,  
 And modern Italy's degenerate speech,  
 Mix'd with barbarian terms, and what the seer  
 Mysterious spake of old in Palestine.  
 Thou, also, father, gav'st the means to know,  
 (If haply knowledge pleas'd thy son,) whate'er  
 Th' all-spacious starry firmament contains,  
 Or this our parent earth, the element  
 Circling her pond'rous orb, rocks, sands, and seas,  
 And all the various works of Nature's hand.  
 Science herself removes her cloudy veil,  
 And offers to my lip her blushing cheek,



Unless o'eraw'd I shun the proffer'd bliss.  
 Go, let the sordid boast his coffer'd wealth,  
 His eastern treasure, and Peruvian gold ;  
 What gift superior could a sire bestow,  
 Or Jove himself, unless his heav'n he gave ?  
 Not of more value those, (had they been safe),  
 Which the bright god of day conferr'd of old  
 On youthful Phaëton ; Hyperion's car,  
 The steeds of morning, and light's diadem  
 Irradiate. Therefore, in Wisdom's seat,  
 Though lowest plac'd, shadow'd with laurel green  
 And ivy wreaths, that grace the victor's brow,  
 Well pleas'd I'll sit ; nor mingle with the herd,  
 Obscure, of common men ; but teach my steps  
 To shun the rude gaze of profaner eyes.  
 Hence, wakeful cares ! hence, sullen Discontent !  
 And pallid Envy with malignant leer :  
 Nor here let Calumny her serpent jaws  
 Harmful extend. Foulest of all abhorr'd !

On me your sullen hate innoxious falls,  
I am not of your race ; too high I soar,  
With dauntless breast, “ for your viperean wound.”

But O, dear father, since no just return  
To thee I can afford ; nor e’er repay  
With deeds equivalent thy bounteous care ;  
Accept this off’ring of a grateful mind,  
And let my verse record how much I owe.

And ye my strains, sport of my unripe youth,  
(If ye may dare to hope for future years,  
“ And to survive your master’s funeral,”  
And see the light, nor in oblivion lost ;)  
These praises to the latest age shall live  
A bright example of paternal care,

## TO SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

O MUSE, who choosest now in halting pace  
 Slowly to move with sad Vulcanian tread;  
 Nor deem'st such measure void of equal grace,  
 In season fit, with those more smoothly led,  
 By fair Deïope round Juno's bed;  
 With these few lines our dear Salsillus greet,  
 Whose love adorns our lays with lavish praise unmeet.

Thus then thy Milton writes; who, London's walls  
 And the wild rigours of his northern land,  
 (Where the rude storm in frequent fury falls  
 Unfriendly to Disease's 'feebled band,)  
 Forsook of late to view Ausonia's land

And cities fair, well known to proudest fame,  
 And sires of gen'rous worth, and youth of learned name.

That Milton hopes kind Fortune yet hath store  
 For thee, Salsillus, of much happier days ;  
 That peace and sacred ease may soon restore,  
 Thy drooping frame, and wearied spirit raise ;  
 Which now with torture of dark bile decays :  
 Destructive malady, that frowns on thee,  
 Regardless of thy lyre, and Lesbian melody.

O sweetest blessing of all-giving Jove,  
 Inspiring Health, to short-liv'd mortals dear ;  
 And, Thou, who direst evils can'st remove,  
 Apollo, quiver'd god, O lend thine ear ;  
 Or by the name of mighty Pæan, hear :  
 In pity of our 'plaining woe arise ;  
 Pale on his sickly couch thy zealous votary lies.

O sylvan Fauns, O groves and breezy hills,  
 Where viny odours load each Zephyr's wing,  
 "Ye vallies low," and gently falling rills  
 Of mild Evander's reign, O hither bring  
 Your blooming stores nurst by salubrious spring :  
 O haste to succour your afflicted bard,  
 So shall his rural strains your duteous care reward.

Numa, in holy shades, (immortal king)  
 Who holds sweet converse with his matchless bride,  
 Shall wond'ring hear the sweet-voic'd poet sing,  
 And Tyber pleas'd shall smooth his swelling tide ;  
 Nor drown the fruits that deck his verdant side ;  
 Nor visit rude, kings in their hallow'd graves,  
 But safe to Neptune's reign conduct his calmed waves.

## TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO, Marquis of Villa, is celebrated among the Italians for his genius, literature, and martial qualities. He was the particular friend of Torquato Tasso, who addressed to him his Dialogue on Friendship, and also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem called *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, lib. 20,

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,  
Risplende il Manso.—

He entertained the Author with much kindness at Naples, and shewed him many marks of attention. His guest, therefore, to avoid the appearance of ingratitude, sent him this Poem before he left the city.

O MANSO favour'd by the tuneful quire,  
To thee the willing Muse now strikes her lyre;  
For since the patrons of Augustan days,  
None claim like thee the tribute of our lays;



And, if my verse such honour may bestow,  
 Unfading laurels shall adorn thy brow.  
 Already Tasso, in his strains divine,  
 Has bid thy name with deathless numbers shine ;  
 And next the conscious Muse bestow'd on thee,  
 Marino, master of sweet melody ;  
 Who oft (repeating to th' Ausonian maids  
 Fair Cytherea's loves in twilight shades,  
 While wond'ring rapture on his hearers hung)  
 Thee, the kind patron of his genius sung ;  
 To thee, alone, he sigh'd his latest breath,  
 To thee his ashes were consign'd in death ;  
 Nor did thy piety his shade deceive,  
 But taught the labour'd brass his loss to grieve :  
 Nor paus'd thy friendship here, ardent to save  
 The memory of each from Lethe's wave ;  
 And, not their various pow'rs and fate alone,  
 Their lives and manners by thy care are known.

So erst the sage on high Mycale's hill,  
In Homer's praise employ'd his fruitful quill.

Then let a youth, a stranger to thy land,  
Sent from a northern and remoter strand,  
O father Manso, to immortal fame,  
Consign the mem'ry of thy honour'd name.  
Nor look thou on a foreign muse with scorn,  
That, scarcely fledg'd, in wintry clime forlorn,  
Too bold aspir'd to seek thy region fair :  
For oft we hear along the midnight air,  
Sweet music breathe in many a varied note,  
Pour'd from the snowy swans' melodious throat,  
Sitting majestic on the silv'ry waves,  
Where Thames the azure locks of Ocean laves ;  
And Tityrus was ours, whose artful strains  
Resounded oft along your verdant plains.

What though our clime is drear, with winter long,  
 - It fosters genius, and can boast of song.  
 We seek Apollo too, and oft adore  
 His deity with gifts of choicest store ;  
 The full-ear'd stalk, and fruits, and many a flow'r,  
 Of richest bloom from Flora's verdant bow'r.  
 And chosen of the Druid train attend ;  
 (An ancient race the deities befriend,  
 Well skill'd to celebrate the pow'rs divine,  
 And sing each warrior of heroic line,)  
 Hence oft the Grecian nymphs, Apollo's fane  
 Circle with songs ; and teach the festive train  
 To celebrate the British virgins fair,  
 With Pictish hues adorn'd, and bosom's bare :  
 Loxo of ancient Corinæus born,  
 Hecæerge whom golden locks adorn,  
 And Upis who unfolds the deeds that lie  
 In the dark bosom of futurity.

O fortunate old man, see how swift fame  
Spreads Tasso's glory and immortal name,  
And adds fresh verdure to Marino's bays.  
Thee too each grateful tongue shall load with praise;  
Match'd with these bards thy equal pinions rise,  
And seek in sweet society the skies.  
Oft shall the silver lyre, and voice rehearse,  
How to thine honour'd walls the god of verse  
Came down a willing guest; and, free from state,  
The sacred Muses sought thy friendly gate:  
And yet unwillingly did Cynthius come,  
Cast out from heav'n to king Admetus' dome;  
Nor, pleas'd, the royal mansion enter'd in,  
Though great Alcides there a guest had been.  
Oft from the clamour of the herdsmen rude,  
The god his way to Chiron's cave pursued;  
Seated by meadows green and tangled wood,  
Where aged Peneus pours his silver flood;

And oft in secret shades reclining there,  
 And, much persuaded by his friend's soft pray'r,  
 He tun'd his sweet voice to the murm'ring lyre,  
 And sooth'd his woes, and calm'd the thund'rer's ire.  
 Then nodding hills confest the magic sounds,  
 And Peneus trembled through his rocky bounds;  
 Cæta applauding wav'd his graceful brow,  
 And ceas'd beneath his weight of woods to bow;  
 The mountain elms to the low vallies came,  
 And at the song wild spotted pards grew tame.

O happy sage, to all th' immortals dear,  
 Sure at thy birth propitious Jove was near;  
 With kindlier influence Apollo shone  
 To bless that day, with Maia's favour'd son.  
 Full soon by heav'n instructed and belov'd,  
 Thy tender care the sacred Muses prov'd!

Hence thy chill age the ling'ring flow'rs of spring  
 Yet freshly grace, and still their perfume bring ;  
 Green honours too thy reverend temples shade,  
 Vigorous thy mind, thy genius undecay'd.  
 O that propitious fate to me would send,  
 So kind a patron and so true a friend ;  
 Should I in verse recal each British king,  
 And Arthur still new wars revolving sing ;  
 Or lead th' heroic knights to light again,  
 Around the social board, a dauntless train ;  
 And O, if spirit to the task I feel,  
 Break the proud Saxon's crest with Briton's steel !  
 Who when at last, my destin'd years o'erflown,  
 'The grave I seek, not silent and unknown ;  
 Would my sad dying moments kindly cheer,  
 And o'er me drop the sympathetic tear,  
 To whom enough if breath'd this short request,  
 " O let my name still live within thy breast."



He in some decent urn shall gently lay  
My cold and stiffen'd limbs, death's pallid prey;  
And teach, perhaps, the sculptur'd stone to shew  
My featur'd form, and laurel-circled brow;  
Or with the Paphian myrtle bind my hair:—  
But I meanwhile shall rest from ev'ry care.  
Then too, if faith and piety demand  
Their wonted meed, (borne to that sacred land,  
Where the pure soul, by noblest virtues led  
And deeds laborious, delights to tread,)  
Serene and wholly blest, my grateful shade  
Shall view, perhaps, these earthly honours paid;  
And blushing with celestial beauty, rove  
Resplendent through the blissful courts of Joye.

## ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THYRSIS and DAMON were shepherds in the same neighbourhood, congenial in their studies, and friends of great intimacy from their childhood.

Thyrsis while abroad pursuing his studies hears of Damon's death, and after a time returning home, and finding it to be true, he deplores himself, and his own loneliness, in the following poem.

Under the title of Damon, Charles Diodate is understood, whose paternal ancestors were of Lucca in Italy, in other respects he was an Englishman; and while he lived was a youth of great genius, learning, and excellent disposition.

HYMERIAN nymphs, (for ye were mindful long  
Of Hylas, Daphnis, and of Bion's fate,)  
Through ev'ry town that crowns the gliding wave  
Of hoary Thames, how oft by wood or cave  
Sad Thyrsis pour'd his echoing sighs, relate!  
In strains Sicilian let the mournful song

For Damon's loss his tender sorrow shew,  
While Night's pale queen bore witness to his woe.

Now twice the verdant blade had cloth'd the plain,  
And laughing Ceres twice enrich'd the swain,  
Since Damon sought, alas! the silent shore  
Of Lethe's sullen wave; nor Thyrsis near,  
The last sad moments of his friend to cheer.  
In truth, that shepherd his lov'd Tuscan Muse  
Then in sweet bondage held; but when her lore  
His mind had fully fraught, he seeks again  
His much neglected home, his flock he views,  
And sits beneath th' accustom'd elm once more,  
Ah, then his loss, 'twas then he felt his woe:  
Sad Damon's fate, his sighs and tears deplore;  
And thus his sorrows in deep measure flow.

“ Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.

Ah me, what shall I sing of sacred pow'rs,  
 On earth who dwell, or in celestial bow'rs,  
 Since thee they stretch upon th' untimely bier?  
 Thus art thou gone? and must thy virtues dear,  
 Unknown, unsung, without memorial, die,  
 Mingled with shades obscure? Ah no! that god  
 Who rules the airy shapes with golden rod,  
 Forbids; thee in some blest society,  
 He reverently leads, and drives remote,  
 To deeper gloom each shade of meaner note.\*

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Whate'er befalls, (so the grim wolf before  
 Surprize us not,) unknown thou shalt not die.  
 Long shall the swains thy honour'd name adore,  
 With chosen off'rings to thy deity.  
 Thee oft with Daphnis shall their praise resound,  
 While Faun, or Pan, in rural walks are found;

If antique faith, sage truth, or arts avail,  
Nor the rich verse thy bard inspiring fail."

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
Thee, Damon, thee, such sure rewards await:  
But what is now thy friend's unhappy fate?  
Ah! who with him the toilsome day will share,  
Constant alike, when breathes the winter frore,  
Or when flow'rs languish in the summer air?  
Whether to brave the angry lion's roar,  
Or chase the gaunt wolf from the sheep-fold door:  
Ah, who like thee shall weave the varied lay?  
Who now with converse sweet beguile the day?"

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
In whom shall I confide? who now shall teach  
My anxious bosom to forget its care?"



Who the long night beguile with charming speech,  
 While by the cheerful blaze the mellow pear  
 Lies hissing, and the hearth with nuts is strew'd?  
 While without doors the winds in contest rude,  
 Roar 'mid the lofty elms, and rend the air."

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Or in the heats of summer at mid-day,  
 When Pan lies sleeping in the beechen shade;  
 And Naiads in their watry mansions stay,  
 And shepherds hide them in some bow'ry glade;  
 While snores the hedger in thick covert laid;  
 Who then thy mirth, thy wit, and hum'rous vein,  
 Of Attic taste, shall give to us again?"

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.



But now, alone, through twilight paths and meads,  
 Musing on scenes long past, I joyless stray ;  
     Or shape my lonelier way  
 To some dark vale, with woven boughs o'erhung,  
     Whose whisp'ring shades among,  
 Ling'ring I wait, till comes Night's solemn reign ;  
 While the still show'r beats mournful o'er my head,  
 And Eurus howls along the dreary plain."

“ Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Alas ! so cultur'd once, these fields are bare,  
 With weeds o'ergrown the with'ring fruits decay ;  
 Th' unmarried vine, neglected, pines away,  
 The myrtles die, and flocks in mute despair,  
 With wistful looks their mournful lord survey."

“ Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.

Me to the copses Tityrus would lead,  
 Alphesibæus to high shaded rows  
 Of branching elm, Aëgon to the mead,  
 Amyntas fair unto the floods. “Here flows  
 “Each fountain cool;”—“Here lavish nature throws  
 “Rich flow’rs around;”—“Here Zephyr lifts his wing;”—  
 “And wildings on this flow’ry margin spring.”—

They speak to me in vain;  
 Silent I haste, and solitude regain.”

“Unpastur’d go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 And Mopsus too, who what the stars disclose,  
 Or birds that omen aught, can wisely tell,  
 “Thyrsis,”—exclaim’d,—“what mean thy heavy brows?  
 “What moody passions in thy bosom swell?  
 “’Tis fatal love, or else some planet dread:  
 “Saturn, perhaps, to swains ne’er boding well,  
 “Deep in thy breast has plung’d his sullen lead.”

“ Unpastur’d go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 The nymphs, amaz’d, exclaim—“ Ill-fated swain,  
 “ O Thyrsis, say, what sad mischance is thine;  
 “ A clouded front, dark eye, and sullen brow,  
 “ Should never thus thy youthful honours stain;  
 “ Youth should to mirth, and joy, and love incline,  
 “ Twice wretched he who late to love doth bow !”

“ Unpastur’d go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Hyas, and Dryope, and Ægle came,  
 Skill’d in sweet measures, and the sounding lyre,  
 Yet touch’d with pride, and covetous of fame;  
 And Flora left the banks by Chelmer’s stream:—  
 Me nor their kindness nor their charms inspire,  
 No present joy I own, nor trust gay Fancy’s dream.”

“ Unpastur’d go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.

Ah see how 'mid the fields yon heifers play  
 In social bond unanimous ; nor they  
 One mate in preference to another love ;  
 So the gaunt wolves assemble to their prey,  
 And pair'd by chance the beauteous zebràs rove ;  
 Such freedom too each monster of the main  
 Enjoys, that Proteus numbers in his train ;  
 And e'en the swallow in his low-built nest,  
 Ne'er wants a meet companion to his side ;  
 Tir'd with his day's long flight, sweet even-tide  
 Still leads him to a gentle partner's breast ;  
     And, should the cruel kite  
 His love remorseless tear, or bitter fate  
 Come from some archer's hand, in hasty flight,  
 Forgetful of the past, he seeks another mate.  
 Man nurst in woes a heavier gloom invests,  
 Ours are discordant souls, unsocial breasts ;  
 'Mid thousand hearts scarce two in union beat ;  
 Or haply on our prayer should Fortune smile,

And lead some kindred youth our vows to meet;  
 Him some unlook'd-for hour, big with dark fate,  
 Snatches away ; his loss we weep the while ;—  
 His loss that shall outlive our mortal state."

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Alas ! what blind mischance, to climes unknown,  
 O'er Alps and airy heights, my footsteps drew ;  
 Why needed I Rome's fallen grandeur view ?  
 (Though she in all that majesty had shone  
 Which charm'd the Mantuan from his sylvan scene),  
 How could I thee forget, a friend so dear,  
 And 'twixt us place such mighty boundaries :  
 Rocks, mountains, plains, and floods, and forests drear !  
 Ah, would once more thy form I might have seen,  
 Would I had press'd thy trembling hand once more,  
 And gently clos'd thy calm and dying eyes,  
 And but have said—" To that far distant shore,  
 „ Farewell ! and keep remembrance of thy friend."



“ Unpastur’d go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Yet ne’er shall grateful memory refuse,  
 To ye, O Tuscan swains, an honour’d place ;  
 Thy youth well favour’d by the gentle Muse,  
 And sportive wit, and ever-smiling grace.  
 (Thou Damon too wert to their race allied,  
 Born where fam’d Lucca rears her ancient tow’rs;)

O how serenely pass’d the pleasing hours,  
 When by smooth Arno’s gently murm’ring tide,  
 Lull’d by the whispers of the poplar grove,  
 From the soft turf I pluck’d the humid flow’rs  
 Now violets, now myrtle buds I wove,  
 And heard how Ligid’ with Menalcas strove ;  
 I also dar’d my untried note essay,  
 Nor to your ear ungrateful was the lay ;  
 For gifts from you I own, of ozier wrought,  
 And sylvan reeds with pliant wax combin’d ;  
 And Dati and Francini both have taught



The woody beeches to repeat my name :  
 And they are both of learn'd and gen'rous kind,  
 Lov'd by the Muses, and both known to fame."

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 Oft as alone I led my goats to fold,  
 Beneath the radiance of the moon-beam cold,  
 My thoughts to home reverted and to thee :  
 I said, (though then the shadowy grave was thine)  
 Now Damon chaunts his rural minstrelsy;  
 E'en now, perhaps, his busy hands prepare  
 The woven nets, or pliant oziers twine ;  
 And then as fancy readily pourtray'd  
 The distant scene, imagination's aid  
 Fix'd it as present—and, " Come forth," I cry'd,  
 " Why is the presence of my friend delay'd?  
 Say, shall we wander by the Colne's fair side,  
 Or in the freshness of the checquer'd shade,

Along Cassibelan's once-famed field :

Thou shalt to me thy healing art display,

Thy various herbs, and grass, and mosses grey,

And all the balmy juices that they yield;

The Hellebore, the yellow Crocus low,

And Hyacinth's sad flow'r ;

All herbs in ev'ry varying soil that grow,

On wat'ry margin, or in woody bow'r :

Ah perish now all herbs and healing art,

Since to their lord they could no aid impart.

As late across my musing fancy rose

Strains of superior sound, new reeds I chose ;

But scarce my lips the solemn note had tried,

When burst at once the starting pipes aside,

And the deep melody refus'd to prove :—

I doubt lest too ambitious be my pride,

Yet will I tell what thoughts my fancy move."

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern

Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.

I'll sing the leader of the Trojan host  
 On British seas, their towered Ilion lost ;  
 And fairest Inogen's divided reign,  
 Brennus, Arviragus, Belinus old,  
     And haughty Gallia's train  
 Bow'd to the yoke of Britain's warriors bold ;  
 And injur'd Gorlois' wife by spells deceiv'd,  
 Who Uther as her absent lord receiv'd,  
 Should life permit these toils, my aged reed  
 Thenceforth I'll hang neglected on some pine ;  
 Or my lov'd native melodies rehearse,  
 And fill with Britain's praise the sounding verse :  
 Well pleas'd if here alone my notes succeed,  
 (For one can ne'er in all expect to shine  
 Nor all in one receive the destin'd meed,)  
 And let my fame live in no foreign clime,  
     Nor reach to future time,  
 So tawny Ouse for me her tresses bind,  
 And Alain's flood ; and dash'd in many a fall

Swift Humber's wave, and Trent's wood-crown'd shore,  
 And Oh! my native Thames, (rever'd o'er all,)  
 And Tamar's stream darken'd with dusky ore,  
 And Orkney's isles remote, where loud the wild waves  
     roar."

" Unpastur'd go, ye lambs, (affliction stern  
 Your shepherd now enthralls) to fold return.  
 All this on smoothest laurel-rind for thee  
 I kept, (too heedless of thy destiny,)  
 All this and more, for fairer gifts I have,  
 Lo here! what Manso to thy shepherd gave;  
 (Manso to fame and honor not unknown)  
 Two splendid cups that like the giver shone;  
 Of richest work; the happy graver's art,  
 A double picture has display'd around,  
 The Red Sea waves adorn the middle part,  
 And Araby's long shores; Spring decks the ground,

And od'rous woods breathe forth balsamic sweets;  
 And lone immured in these wild retreats,  
 The Phoenix lifts her solitary wing,  
     Of hues ethereal wove,  
 And from the bosom of her tufted grove,  
 Beholds Aurora from the ocean spring :  
 Another part th' all-spacious pole displays,  
 And huge Olympus ; and e'en here is found,  
 High soaring, Love, arm'd with bright torches' blaze,  
 And arrows tipt with fire : he scorns to wound  
 Ignoble bosoms with ethereal rays,  
 But round him throws the lightning of his eyes,  
 And hurls his darts amid the sphery skies;  
 Nor ever wing his shafts a lower flight :  
 Hence glow with am'rous fires heav'n's deities,  
 And minds celestial own love's all-subduing might."

" Thou, Damon, too (no heedless thoughts allure  
 My erring mind) dost surely there reside,



Where else should sweetness join'd to virtue pure,  
 And holy chaste simplicity abide ?  
 Thou art not wand'ring on the Stygian shore ;  
 Thy fate demands no tear, nor weep we more :  
 Far hence be tears ! for Damon dwells on high,  
 He treads the ether pure, where Iris paints  
 The humid air ; he mounts the starry sky,  
 And with the souls of heroes and of saints,  
 He quaffs the nectar'd streams that ever flow,  
 And immortality and joy bestow :  
 But thou, O blest ! who dwellest now above,  
 Receive our vows, and let our prayers move ;  
 Whether as Damon we thy power entreat,  
 Or loftier Diodate ; which name divine  
 Heav'n's host shall own, and, Damon, words repeat.  
 Lo, blushing Modesty and Truth were thine,  
 Thy youth to no licentious pleasure swerv'd,  
 And still thy virgin honours were preserv'd.



Therefore with diadem ethereal crown'd,  
Bearing the branch of palm, thou may'st aspire  
Immortal hymeneals to resound  
Where swells the song ; and to the sacred lyre  
Warble the voices of the seraph quire.

## ODE

TO JOHN ROUSE,

LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

On a lost volume of my poems, which he desired me to send,  
that he might place them with my other works in the public  
library.

## STROPHE.

MY two-fold book, of neat attire and plain,

With no laborious cost or art made gay ;

Which one, the lowest in the Muses' train,

Yet sedulous, produc'd, as to his lay

Th' Ausonian shades and bow'rs responsive rung,

Or as his druid groves he rov'd among ;

Now singing to his wild and native lyre,

Now striking on the Daunian lute, while hill

And vale around melodious echoes fill,

And his rais'd footsteps from the earth aspire :—

## ANTISTROPHE.

O say what fraudulent hand convey'd,  
 Thee, little book, from classic shade;  
 When thou from this our city fair,  
 Urg'd by a friend's repeated pray'r,  
 Thy path illustrious pursu'd,  
 And Thames's source (cerulean father) view'd;  
 Where the limpid fountains spring,  
 And th' Aonian murmurs ring;  
 Doom'd through the lapse of years still to engage,  
 And force applause from each admiring age?

## STROPHE II.

But now what pow'r divine,  
 Or mortal of celestial line,  
 Pitying the ancient genius of our race;  
 (If tears enough have flow'd  
 For former hours bestow'd  
 On slothful idleness and luxury base,)

Shall drive inglorious strife from all,  
 And Study to her shades recall;  
 And lead the frighten'd Muse once more,  
 To Albion's half-deserted shore;  
 And all the harpy kind, of fell intent,

    On rapine bent,  
 O'er-master with Phœbean bow;  
 And from the Heliconian flood,  
 That us'd in purer streams to flow,  
 Drive off afar the hateful brood?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, O little book,  
 (Whether thy guide his charge forsook,  
 Or through dull idleness mislaid,)  
 Now from thy brethren far art stray'd;  
 Yet though some cavern-shade,

Or murky den, thee lost, immure,  
 Where haply thou art doom'd to bear,  
 The unletter'd grasp of men obscure,  
 Rejoice, nor own despair !  
 Lo, yet the blissful hope is near,  
 To shun dark Lethe's kingdom drear,  
 And wing a higher flight above  
 To the resplendent courts of Jove;

## STROPHE III.

For Rouse desires to number thee  
 Among his flock, and oft complains  
 That unrelenting destiny,  
 So long a promis'd gift detains :  
 Preserv'd beneath his faithful care  
 All monuments of learning are ;  
 And, thee too, he desires to place  
 Much honour'd, in that sacred space,

Where he th' unfading treasure keeps ;  
 A guardian of far nobler heaps  
 And richer stores than Iön's care,  
 (Iön the son of Creusa fair)  
 Protected in Apollo's fane,  
 The gift of many a wide domain :  
 Of Delphic gold, and spoils, and tripods rare.

## ANTISTROPHE.

But thou again shalt view the grove,  
 Where the sacred Muses rove,  
 And within the mansion blest  
 Of golden-hair'd Apollo rest ;  
 His Delos and Parnassian fields,  
 The god for vales of Britain yields :  
 Then go, with honest pride elate,  
 Since thine such enviable fate ;



There honour'd shalt thou find a place  
 With authors of illustrious fame,  
 Of Grecian and of Roman name,  
 Who lent the world their light; and learning grace.

## EPODE.

Ye then, at last, my labours lov'd,  
 (Though with faint rays of genius bless'd,)  
 May hope, to happier sphere remov'd,  
 Unenvied to enjoy sweet rest.  
 Kind Hermes and a guardian friend,  
 Protection to thy dwelling lend  
 Where no dull reader dare appear,  
 No vulgar accents vex the ear.  
 Perhaps in some remoter age,  
 Of judgment more mature and sage,  
 A future race of men may learn,  
 The mark of merit to discern;

Envy then a grave shall find  
And, unprejudic'd of mind,  
Posterity, through Rouse's care,  
To us, the sacred meed of praise may spare.

## TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WITH CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

QUEEN of the North! heroic maid! most bright  
Of all the stars that gild the polar night,  
Christina! see, beneath my beaver's shade,  
What wrinkles time, and ceaseless toil have made;  
Aged yet active in the field, behold  
What character my lineaments unfold,  
While the dark footsteps of the fates I trace;  
The will obeying of a warlike race:  
Yet my stern visage, foe to royalty,  
Relenting smiles in reverence to thee!

SONNETS,  
FROM THE ITALIAN.

## I.

O LOVELIEST nymph ! whose name through all the vale  
Where Rhine majestic flows, resounds alone ;  
Blest were the Stoic heart, though careless grown  
To heav'nly worth, which thy sweet soul would fail  
To captive ; where all charms at once assail,  
All actions grace, all graces sweetness own :  
That point each shaft from Love's full quiver thrown,  
And deck thy virtues with a fairer veil.  
O when those lips in speech so matchless move,  
Or frame the song that bids the forest bend ;  
Be all aware, who fear, alas ! to love,  
And from th' enchantress ev'ry sense defend :  
Reason can only save, ere yet desire  
With am'rous flame the inmost bosom fire,

## II

As on a mountain wild at twilight hour,  
The rural maiden hies, with fost'ring care  
To tend some plant of lovely hue and rare,  
Which half-disclos'd, yet droops its tender flow'r,  
Torn from its kindred gales and native bow'r ;  
So love in me now rears his blossom fair,—  
This stranger tongue ; while thus with am'rous pray'r  
To thee, O Lady, rich in beauty's dow'r,  
Forgetful of my home, I tune my strains ;  
And through these fields by murmuring Arno range,  
My Thames neglected, (so sweet Love ordains)  
And what Love once hath will'd admits no change :  
O that my steril heart could likewise own  
Each virtuous plant, the gift of heav'n alone.

## CANZONEI.

THE nymphs and amorous youth around,  
Deride my lyre's unskilful sound ;

‘ And why,’ they ask, ‘ O why this care,  
‘ In accents strange to tell thy pains,  
‘ Breathing soft love in unknown strains ;  
‘ Confess thy hopes are vain, though fair,  
‘ That whisper, “ sweeter sounds may dwell  
“ In music of a foreign shell.”

‘ Cease, cease thy song, another stream  
‘ Another shore invites thy theme ;  
‘ Where laurels branch and myrtles blow,  
‘ To deck with fadeless wreath thy hair :  
‘ Why then a foreign chaplet wear ?’—

My gentle verse, O smoothly flow,  
And tell the fair for whom I rove,  
“ This language is the choice of Love.”



## III.

O CHARLES, though late this heart with fix'd disdain,  
Rejected Love as much beneath its care;  
Yet now before his shrine, with many a pray'r,  
Where wisest men have fall'n, I own his reign.  
No common charms awoke this fatal pain,  
No vermeil-tinctur'd cheek, nor golden hair,  
But Beauty's only Queen; whom, peerless fair!  
These foreign shades conceal: of darkest grain  
Her arched brow bespeaks a lofty soul,  
Persuasive from her lip rich accents flow  
All elegance, and song whose sweet controul  
Down from her sphere the lab'ring moon might bow:  
And though my ears were clos'd, still would her eyes,  
Darting Love's fire, the captive soul surprize.

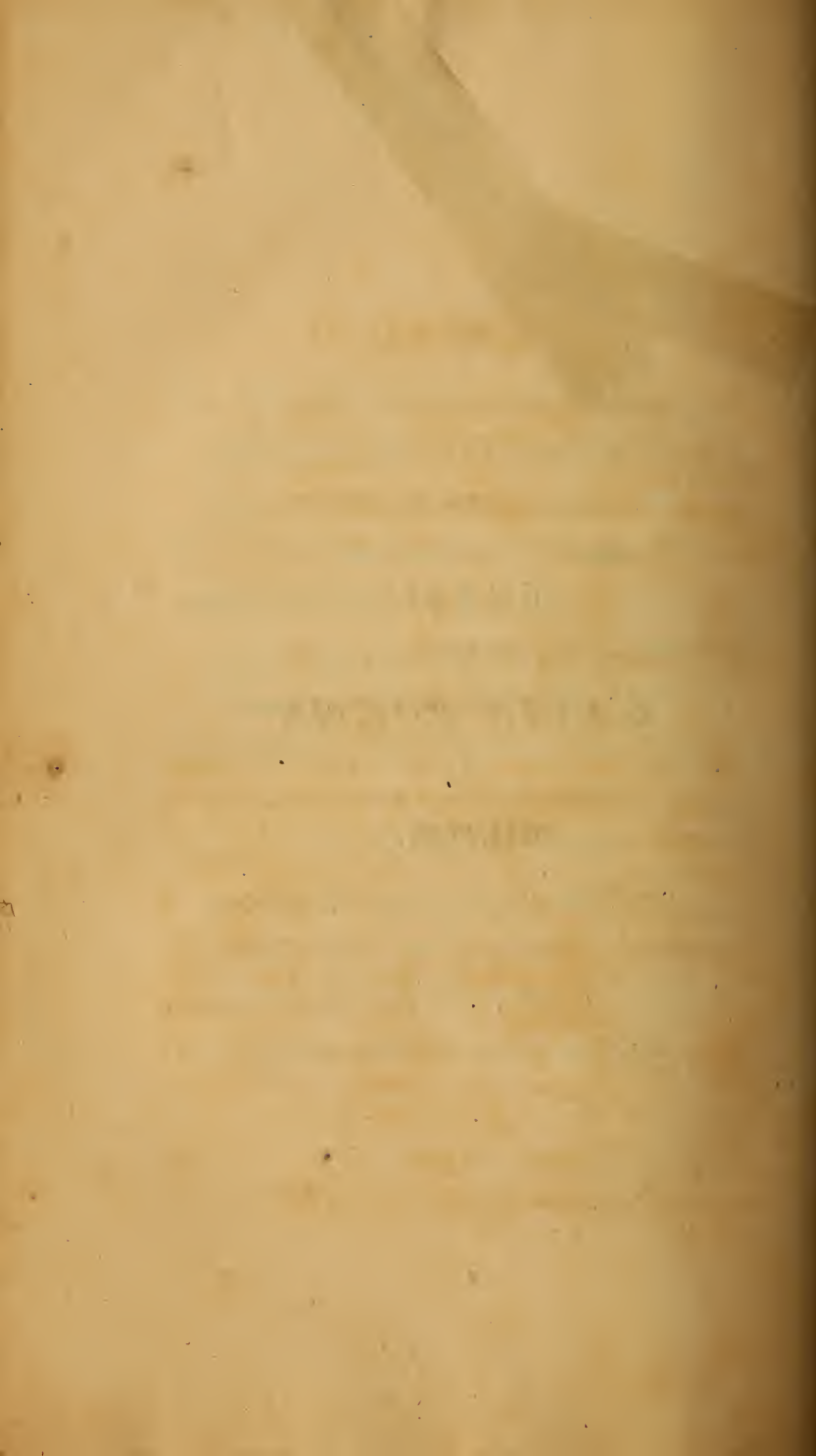
## IV.

Ah Lady, when those eyes such splendour dart,  
They are to me e'en as the sun, whose ray  
Parches the traveller at noon of day,  
On Lybia's burning waste ; and from my heart  
Where most their influence strikes, warm vapours part :  
I know not of what kind, alas ! are they ;  
Yet those who best read Love's soft language say,  
They are but sighs, and prove the bosom's smart.  
Some my afflicted breast would hide,—in vain—  
They feed my anguish, or escaping, haste  
To soften thine, obdurate ; whose disdain  
Congeals their fiery moisture, cold and chaste ;  
While others nightly in my tears o'erflow,  
Till morning comes with rose-encircled brow.

## V.

AN artless youth, to Love's soft pow'r a slave,  
Unskill'd how best to fly his varied woes ;  
Lady, on thee his votive heart bestows ;  
Which heart, (refuse not then its peace to save,)  
Sufficient trials prove, intrepid, brave,  
Calm, virtuous, true, with thoughts that ne'er disclose  
Inelegance, nor yield to dull repose :  
When shakes the world, and storms tempestuous rave,  
All adamant, it rests ; not more secure  
From low desires that baser souls enchain,  
Than fond of wisdom, genius, virtue pure,  
Of Melody, and all the Muses' train.  
In one part only weak, alas ! it feels  
The wound that Love inflicts, but never heals,

NOTES  
ON THE  
*LATIN POEMS*  
OF  
MILTON.



## NOTES

ON THE

### Latin Poems of Milton.



#### ELEGY I.

CHARLES DIODATE, to whom this Elegy is addressed, was educated with Milton at St. Paul's School, in London, and thence sent to Trinity College, Oxford. He was the intimate friend of Milton; and, after he left college, practised physic in Cheshire. The occasion of this Elegy seems to have been a letter received from Diodate, about the year 1627, and to which Milton replied in these elegant verses.

*Page 6, line 2.*      \_\_\_\_\_ nor more,  
O Roman bard! of Pompey's porches tell,  
Or theatre wide \_\_\_\_\_

The Portico and Theatre of Pompey were contiguous places in Rome, and the resort of the most beautiful women.



NOTES.

## ELEGY II.

This Elegy was written by Milton in his seventeenth year, upon occasion of the death of Richard Ridding, one of the beadles of the University of Cambridge, whose office it was, amongst other things, to make proclamation of convocations in every college.



## ELEGY III.

The Bishop of Winchester, here celebrated, was Lancelot Andrews, who had been master of Pembroke-hall, in Cambridge, and who died in 1626. This was also written in Milton's seventeenth year.

*Page 10, line 9.* When Pestilence, with vengeful hand,  
——laid waste the fear-struck land.

The pestilence, here alluded to, was that which happened in the year 1625, when 35,417 persons are said to have died in London and its neighbourhood.

——*line 18.* Where lay the kindred pair, to weeping Albion  
dear;

The persons here alluded to, were the Duke of Brunswick

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and Count Mansfelt, the two champions of the Queen of Bohemia, whose cause they had with romantic zeal espoused : they died in 1626.

*Page 11, line 1.* And many a warrior fled

This has been supposed to refer to Henry, Earl of Oxford, who died at the siege of Breda, in 1625.



### ELEGY IV.

This Elegy was written by Milton, in his eighteenth year, to Thomas Young, his preceptor, then resident at Hamburgh.

*Page 16, line last.* The son of Ceres to wild Scythia's shore ;  
It was fabled that Triptolemus, the son of Ceres, journeyed into Scythia and other barbarous regions, to instruct mankind in agriculture and the use of wheat ; borne in a chariot, drawn by winged serpents.

*Page 17, line 4.* So call'd from Hama,—

Hama was a Saxon champion, killed, where the city of Hamburgh stands, by a Danish giant.

*Page 21, line 2.* And Saxon leaders, brave, preparing deadly arms.

In the year 1626, when this Elegy was written, the dukes

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of Saxony were often in martial strife with the Imperialists under Count Tilly. Hamburgh, the capital of Lower Saxony, partook of the commotion; and Germany itself was the scene of a bloody war, from 1618 to 1640, in which interval Gustavus Adolphus conquered the greatest part of it.

—line 14. There forc'd to seek a scanty means to live, Young was a Non-conformist, and his fixedness in religious opinions occasioned him to seek a livelihood in a foreign land.

Page 22, line 11. So, erst with stripes,—  
The Court of Star Chamber employed flagellation and imprisonment, as the means of convincing the Non-conformists of their errors.

Page 23, line 3. Beneath the radiant shield  
The terror and flight of the Assyrian army, here beautifully alluded to, may be read in Kings II. vii. 5.

Page 24, line 5. Nor doubt that years—  
Milton was in this a true prophet; Young returned to England in 1628, and was, in 1644, preferred by the Parliament to the mastership of Jesus College, in Cambridge. He had also the living of Stow Market, in Suffolk, where he died.

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ELEGY V.

This beautiful Elegy abounds with an exuberant variety of allusion to classic story; and, although the instances selected come within the compass of almost every person's reading, are here so skilfully managed and combined, as to present a continued series of delightful and elegant imagery.

*Page 27, line 1.* "O nightingale,—

This and the following line are from Milton's sonnet.



ELEGY VI.

*Page 38, line 8.* When, crashing loud, the car supine  
On Elis' plains disjointed lies,

Alluding to the Olympic games, the frequent subjects of Pindar's poetry.

*Page 42, line 1.* Unnerv'd by ease, by temp'rance fed,  
The Grecian bard —

Homer, who is here celebrated for his Odyssey, as containing, in Ulysses, the example of a man of wisdom, temperance, and chastity.

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—line 15. 'The promis'd age of gold we sing,  
And the peaceful heav'n-born king ;

In these lines Milton alludes to his own poem on the nativity.



### ELEGY VII.

This Elegy, wherein Milton contemns the power of love, was written in his 19th year. Captivated by some beauty in the public walks of the city, he laments her sudden disappearance, and his ignorance of her person ; returning to Cambridge, and the sweets of philosophy, he boasts of his being a second Diomed, in contemning the power of Venus. The three last stanzas are supposed, by Mr. Warton, with great reason, to be an epilogistic palinode to those which precede them ; and to have been written, when Milton prepared them for the press, in 1645.



### EPIGRAMS.

#### *On the Gunpowder Plot.*

In these Epigrams, which are all built upon one model, Milto seems to have laboured, in extracting his point



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from the mechanical effects of Gunpowder ; in which attempt, notwithstanding the difficulties attending it, he has well succeeded, and ennobled the subject by unexpected sublimity.

#### *To Leonora.*

*Page 57.* The Lady, here celebrated, was Leonora Baroni, who, with her mother, Adriana of Mantua, and her other sister Catarina, were at that time esteemed the finest singers in the world. The eulogies bestowed upon them may be read in Mr. Warton's edition of Milton's Poems. A musician of that age, speaking of the performance of these ladies, on the lute, harp, and theorbo, to which they sung, says, that they so powerfully captivated his senses, and threw him into such raptures, that he forgot his mortality, and believed he was amongst the angels.

The second Epigram, Warton denotes as inimitably beautiful, in the turn it takes to the madness of Tasso and the story of Pentheus.

The third Epigram recognizes Leonora as Parthenope, one of the Syrens, not dead, but removed from the grotto of Pausilipo to Rome.





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### ODE.

*Page 61.* This was written by Milton, in his 17th year, on the death of Dr. John Goslyn, master of Caius College, and King's Professor of medicine, at Cambridge, who died while a second time Vice-Chancellor of that university, in October, 1626.

*Page 62, line 2.* Or him deplor'd by Jove, ——

Sarpedon, slain by Patroclus.

—— *line last.* The sage, Apollo's son.

Esculapius, who, for restoring Hippolytus to life, was slain by the bolt of Jupiter.

*Page 61, line 1.* May Æacus adjudge no doom severe,  
Æacus, one of the Judges of Hell, who, by a favourable decision, consigned the shades of the dead to Proserpine and the calm joys of Elysium.



### ELEGY.

*Page 65.* Written by Milton, at the age of 17, on the death of Nicholas Fenton, bishop of Ely, who died Oct. 5, 1626, soon after the death of Bishop Andrews, before celebrated.

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*Page 66, line 13.* Nor sung Archilochus more dire.

Archilochus was famed for the severity of his Iambic verse, which occasioned the death of Lycambes, who had promised his daughter in marriage to him, and broke that promise by bestowing her upon another.

*Page 67, line 6.* For sacred death is not, as thy frail thought  
would tell,

Milton, who had strongly imbibed the high and sublime doctrines of the Platonic school, describes death, not as the gloomy superstitions of the day dictated; but as that high power, sent by Jove to liberate the soul from its earthly darkness and bondage with the flesh, and to conduct it to light and liberty.

*Page 68, line 13.* As the fam'd seer—

Elijah.

The whole of this Ode is founded upon the antient doctrine of a future state, as described in Pindar, in his second Olympic ode.

*Page 71.* Nature unimpair'd by age.

This was written by Milton, when he was about the age of 19 years, as an academical exercise, at the request of one of the fellows of Christ's College, who had laid aside the levities of verse for the grave solidity of prose.

Of this poem, Warton observes, that it is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions, and that it has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought, rarely found in very young writers.

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*On the Fifth of November.*

This Poem was written by Milton, at the early age of 17 years.

*Page 78, line 3.* —and Albion nam'd,  
From him of Neptune's race,

Milton, in his History of Britain, describes Albion as a giant, son of Neptune; who called the island after his own name, and ruled it 44 years; till, passing over into Gaul, in aid of his brother Lestrygon, against whom Hercules was hasting out of Spain into Italy, he was there slain in fight.

*Page 81, line 7.* The lord of kings,  
The Pope, who assumed that title.

*Page 82, line 2.* Franciscus erst, through many a desert rude,  
The allusion here is either to Francis d'Assise, the founder of the order of Franciscan Friars, or Francis Xavier, called the apostle of the Indians. But the first, although it is pretended he wrought many miracles in the desert, and travelled into Syria, to convert the Soldan of Babylon, and was at the siege of Damietta, during the Crusades, yet he cannot be accused of the impiety of converting the Lybian lions. And the other, who encountered a variety of perils in the eastern wilds, has as little claim to the exploit, except by a poetical licence of expression.

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*Page 83, line 2.* Their banner'd ships, sunk in the whelming  
tide;

The ships of that age were profusely decorated with banners, like the gaudy barges of modern times; and the destruction of those, here alluded to, was the terrible overthrow of the Spanish Armada.

*Page 83, line 4-5.* Avenge the slaughter'd bodies of thy saints,  
Late fix'd in scorn upon th' opprobrious  
cross,

In the reign of Elizabeth, many jesuits and popish priests were severely punished, not only for endeavouring to spread the particular tenets of their belief, but even for being of the religious order.

*Page 85, line 1.* And now 'Tithonia,  
still lamenting sad  
The hapless funeral of her sable son,  
Shed on the mountain tops ambrosial tears,

Tithonia, or Aurora, whose son, Memnon, was killed at the siege of Troy. Her weeping the loss of her son, in the early dawn, is here an image of exquisite beauty.

*Page 85, line 7, &c.* The Cave of Murder is strongly conceived, and as well described. The restlessness of Murder and Treason, from the consciousness of their secret crimes, is both just and poetical; and the cave is peopled with beings of superior horror and affright.

*Page 87, line 3.* There is a place, —

The temple of Fame is here described as standing near the lake Moeris, in Egypt.

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*On the Platonic Idea.*

*Page 91, line 9.* —say who is he, from whom  
Diligent Nature copied the human form.

The form and structure of the human body, according to Plato, is a mere copy, by plastic nature, from the original idea, or pattern, in the eternal Mind.

*Page 92, line 12.* —Pleione's son

Mercury.

—*line 14.* Nor him the Assyrian knew

Sanchoniathon, the eldest of the profane historians, but of whose existence there have been doubts, although not well founded, or now esteemed as valid.

—*line 17.* Nor thrice great Hermes,—

Hermes Trismegistus, a philosopher of Egypt, who lived soon after Moses.

*Page 93, line 1.* And thou, O honor of th' Athenian grove,

The grove of Academus, at Athens, was the place where Plato taught his philosophy, one tenet of which was, that the idea of being existed before being was produced; in the same manner that an engraved seal exists before the impression.

—*line 4.* Now to thy state the exil'd bards recall;

Plato, in his idea of a Republic, excluded poets, as dealing in fable more than truth.



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*To his Father.*

In this Ode, Milton compliments his father, upon his skill in music, and bestows very liberal praise upon him, for the care he had taken in his education.

*Page 96, line 6.* And the ethereal spirit, (e'en now,) who guides  
The circling orbs —

According to the fanciful doctrine of Plato, Fate or Necessity, with her three daughters, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, and the nine Muses, or Syrens, perpetually sung in harmonious concert. These notions are to be found in the tenth book of Plato's Republic, in his Timæus, and other works,

*Page 97, line 13.* Then scorn no more, I pray, the gentle Muse,  
In a book written by Milton's father, and published in 1609, called "The Six-fold Politician," he apologizes for his severity on poets, by saying, "it may not be thought that I hold the skill and art of poetry in base account, but only the abusers of it. Poetry may be both noblemens and schollars afternoone, and a successive exercise and remission from the bent of graver studies and affairs."

*Page 98, line 13.*

—nor did thy will

Condemn me to the tedious law's pursuit,

The contempt Milton had for this profession, he speaks of in his Treatise on Education. "Some allured to the Trade of Law, grounding their purposes, not on the



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prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees."

#### *To Salsillus.*

*Page 104, line 8.* Numa, in holy shades, (immortal king!)

Who holds sweet converse with his matchless  
bride,

In a romantic cavern, near Rome, Numa is said to have received the Roman laws, from Egeria, one of Diana's Nymphs. Milton fables him to be yet living, and in sweet and perpetual converse with her.

—*line 13.* Nor visit rude, kings in their hallow'd graves,

The tomb of Numa, on the left bank of the Tiber, was, in Horace's time, flooded by the overflowing waves of that river.

#### *To G. B. Manso.*

*Page 106, line 6.* Marino, master of sweet melody ;

Marino was a celebrated Italian poet, and the author of a poem called Adonis, in which he has, at considerable length, celebrated the loves of that youth and Cytherea.

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*Page 107, line 1.* So erst the sage on high Mycale's hill,

Plutarch, a native of Bœotia, in which country the lofty mountain of Mycale rears its head, wrote the life of Homer,

—line 15. And Tityrus was our's,—

Chancer is here meant, who, by Spencer, is constantly called Tityrus.

*Page 108, line 7.* And chosen of the Druid train attend;

Cæsar, in his Commentaries, has given a poetical character to the Druids.

*line 12.* ——— and teach the festive train  
to celebrate the British virgins fair.

Mr. Warton observes, that Milton has here converted the three hyperborean nymphs, who, according to the ancient poet Callimachus, sent fruits to Apollo, in Delos, into British goddesses; that he has described Loxo, one of the nymphs named by Callimachus, as descended from Corineus, a Cornish giant; and that their breasts were tinged or painted with Caledonian or Pictish woad. Some authors assert, that Scotland was the fertile region of the Hyperborei.

*Page 111, line 7.* Should I, in verse, recal each British king,  
And Arthur, still new wars revolving, sing;

To celebrate the actions of the ancient kings of Britain, seems to have been an early idea in the mind of Milton, and in all likelihood impelled him to write the History of Britain. Arthur, here noticed, was one of them, and

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famous for his martial prowess and restless spirit. He is fabled, at his hour of death, to have been carried away into the subterraneous Land of the Faëries, where he still reigned as king, and meditated new wars, which were to restore to him his ancient authority and power in Britain.

—line 12. Break the proud Saxon's crest,—

One of the exploits of Arthur, was to be the destruction of the Saxon power in Britain.



*On the death of Damon.*

Page 113, line 14. Himerian nymphs,—

The nymphs of the river Himera, in Sicily, the country of Theocritus, who celebrated, in his verse, the death of Daphnis, and the fable of Hylas, who was carried away by the water nymphs.

—line 15. ————— Bion's fate,

The story of Bion had Moschus for its author.

Page 115, line 6. —Ah no, that God

Mercury, whose office it was to superintend the situation of the shades of the dead, in the elysian abodes.

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*Page 123, line last.* And Dati and Francini——

Carlo Dati, of Florence, a friend and correspondent of Milton, and Antonio Francini, another of his friends ; both poets.

*Page 124, line 17.* ————by the Colne's fair side.

A river, of that name, flows through Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, in the vicinity of Milton's residence.

*Page 125, line 1.* Along Cassibelan's once famed field :

Milton probably meant Verulam, or St. Alban's, by Camden supposed the residence of Cassibelan, an ancient British king.

*Page 126, line 1.* I'll sing the leader of the Trojan host

Brutus, according to our ancient fabulous history, wandered, after the destruction of Ilium, into Britain.

———*line 3.* And fairest Inogen's divided reign,

Inogen, the eldest daughter of Pandrasus, a Grecian king, was the wife of Brutus.

———*line 4.* Brennus, Arviragus, Belinus old,

Brennus and Belinus were the sons of Molmutius Dunwallo, by some writers called the first king of Britain. These two are fabled to have extended their conquests into Gaul and Italy. Arviragus was the son of Cunobelin, another British king, and the successful

# NOTES.

opposer of the Emperor Claudius, in his invasion of Britain.

—line 7. And injured Gorlois' wife, by spells deceived,

By the enchantments of Merlin, Uther Pendragon was transformed into the resemblance of Gorlois, Prince of Cornwall, and obtained possession of Iogerne, the wife of Gorlois, by whom he had a son, Arthur, the famous British hero.

Page 128, line 17. Thou, Damon, too——

———dost surely there reside,——

Milton, after describing the sculptured cups, rich with the poetic imagery of Olympus and the Ætherial regions, by an elegant transition, places Damon in fields of æther ; upon which he beautifully enlarges, with a seriousness that makes it scarcely doubtful whether his theory of a future state was not as here described. The same observation will apply to his *Lycidas*, and several other of his foregoing poems, and leave the mind of the reader impressed with a belief, that, had he been writing a work upon the condition of the souls of Men, after death, he would have varied but little from what he has here given.



NOTES:

ODE,  
*To John Rouse.*

Page 131, line 8. My two-fold book,——

So stiled; because the book referred to was printed in Latin and English, or had two title pages, one in each language.



SONNETS I. II. IV. V.

Mr. Warton supposes the lady addressed in the Italian Sonnets of Milton, to be Leonora Baroni, whom he had before celebrated for her singing: but as the powers of song are enumerated in the 3d Sonnet as one of the qualifications of the Italian ladies, the praises here bestowed will apply generally; to which, it may be observed, that Leonora is described, by authors, as not remarkable for personal beauty.



CANZONE.

The Canzone is a lyric composition, upon any grave or tragic subject, and differs but little from the Sonnet,



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except in a diffuseness of stile, scarcely discernable. The present example seems to have been produced by Milton, from a consciousness of his own inability to express himself so fully in a foreign tongue, as in his own, and not from any actual ridicule bestowed upon him by the youth of Italy.



SONNET III.

This Sonnet was addressed to Charles Diodate. The particular qualifications of the Italian ladies are here enumerated.

THE END.

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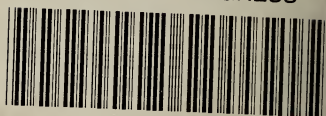
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